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HAWLEY THE CONVICT.

A True Story of Sing Sing.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAT McARNO.

His name was Hawley. You have heard,
Of course, how his escape occurred.
The walls of Sing Sing grimly frowned,
When round the curve a train south-bound
Came swinging slowly one bright morning.
Without a word or sign of warning,
Five convicts on the engine leapt,
Gave those employed a sudden sack,
Detached the cars, and swiftly swept,
With valves wide open, down the track.

Five hundred men within an hour
Were on the trail—a sportsman's feast,
With human game the alarming power!
But hunted man or hunted beast
(There's no incentive like despair)
Is sure to find some secret lair.
The convicts burned their prison-clothes;
And then, with some unwholesome oaths,
They left the engine wrecked and broken,
And sought the fields, and there they parted;
A hasty farewell word unspoken,
And Hawley, being chicken-hearted,
Ran like a hare until he found
Some rocks loose-laid upon the ground,
And under these he hid, and lay,
Trembling with cold and blank dismay,
Through all that chilly April day.

At night he reached New York, concealed
Between two freight-cars. Strange it seemed
To find his sentence thus repealed;
To tread the streets of which he'd dreamed;
To see the great broad world before him;
The arched horizon bending o'er him;
To hear the waves which seemed to say:
"We wait to bear you far away
To other lands, where you are free
From all pursuit, across the sea."

What held him back? Well, only this:
His mother—wretched, poor and old,
Whose love for him had not grown cold;
Who gave him one endearing kiss
Before the prison-locks were turned;
Whose feeble hands had gladly earned
The little sum that he possessed—
Was lying sick, nigh unto death.
And ere she found her welcome rest,
And ere she breathed her parting breath,
The filial impulse in him yearned
To see her once again. Some dim,
Faint memories came back to him;
Some memories of the far-off years,
When she had dried his childish tears.
Again he hears her plaintive call,
Her earnest, zealous, mother-prayer
To God, who is the Lord of all,
To keep him in His holy care.

You smile at this? A prison-bird
With tender heart and sentiment,
With wounded conscience deeply stirred
While dwelling on a life misspent?
Why not? Do you, indeed, suppose,
Ye fat-fed Christians of the churches,
Who always elevate the nose
When Lazarus a-begging goes,
But listen to the stated Word
Cocked high upon your velvet perches—
Do you suppose that men with sins
Have harder hearts or tougher skins
Than some of you? Or do you think
That those who stand upon the brink
Of everlasting punishments
Turn never back with gaze intense
To broad, white fields of innocence?
I tell you, and I know it well,
That conscience, like a midnight bell,
Rings out the warning notes of hell
In many a lonesome prison-cell!
And memories come thronging back
Across the outlaw's hunted track
Of days before his soul was black.

Well, Hawley took the risk. He might
Have flown with other birds of night,
And found his freedom with the rest,
But braver thoughts his mind possessed.
His mother's humble home he sought;
And, finding that his presence there
Did more than medicine or air
To lift her from her bed of care,
He stayed; and thus, as it appeared,
His better nature on him brought
The fate he dreaded most and feared

The slow detective tracked him down,
And, after weeks and months were gone,
And after searching half the town,
They came one early July dawn,
And caught him squarely. What did he?
The promised sun of liberty
Had undergone a swift eclipse.
His face is blanched with awful fears,
And, sweeping back the blighting tears,
He lifts aloft his trembling hands,
And, while his heaving breast expands,
These words escape his ashen lips:
"My God!—another twenty years!"

Before they bear him from the place
They see one other touching sight—
A woman with a careworn face,
Deep-furrowed, and with hair snow-white—
His mother! In her wretchedness
She clasps him, as in other days
She shielded him from all alarms.
And oh! how piteously she prays,
And gathers up her wasted power.
It is a sight inspiring awe.
So bravely, grandly doth she stand,
As if in nursing infancy
She might with her unaided hand
Sweep back the sentence of the law.

Her prayers, of course, do not avail.
So far as human judges go—
They take the convict back to jail,
And there to prison, too. But so
But He, who on the cross forgave
The dying thief, has power to save;
And, possibly, that mother's prayer,
Which here on earth seemed out of place,
That cry of love and deep despair,
Is treasured at the Throne of Grace.

THE MISSING PACKET;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF WILTON'S WISH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

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CHAPTER XIII.

DENUNCIATION.

He was alone. The girl had slipped noiselessly from the room. On his desk lay the handkerchief—a dainty fabric—the name in the corner—a trifle light as air, but confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ. He was quite crushed and beaten down. Everything was dreadfully plain, and doubt possible no longer. The book he had penned in the fire, but not the memory of its frightful confessions. Every word came back with a new meaning. All those little facts previously, added to the weight of truth. The conversation with Ursula recurred in which she had admitted Beatrice's secret anxiety to know the contents of the packet; the horror upon visiting the corpse, and the painting fit by the side of the coffin. And how like the vanity of a young girl to pause in the midnight search to try the effect of a beautiful pair of earrings! There was not a hook to hang a doubt on.

What was to be done? Kendryn had gone. How bitterly Roy repented of his folly in not telling him all, and placing the diary before him. He would have guessed its real author in an instant. And now, as matters were, the lawyer had left upon his journey with Roy's promise that he would teach himself to love this beautiful and wicked girl, and win her for his wife. A murderess!

But that dream was over. A flood of angry thoughts came over him as he remembered that he ever entertained it. Why should she be allowed to continue in the belief that her sin was still unknown? She deserved no mercy.

Up he rose, then, the handkerchief in his hand, and, having turned down the wick of his lamp, stepped forth into the corridor. Downstairs he marched resolutely. The lamps were burning, the household had not retired yet. Beatrice was still to be seen ere he should close his eyes that night. Most probably she was in the dining-room, where she and Ursula were very often at of an evening, before the great fire there, this nipping weather. It was decidedly the most cheerful room in the house. He reached this apartment and opened the door. He stopped short with a kind of shock. Three pair of surprised eyes searched his face. Was their gaze a little embarrassed?

In a chair sat Archbald Redgrave. By him stood Dick Moyston, leaning against the mantelpiece, his face contracted into a lurid scowl. Nearer the table stood Delia Pin, pallid and motionless, as usual. There had been, it was evident, a moment before, a conference. All three had been startled out of close conversation by this abrupt intrusion. A dead silence reigned. Mr. Redgrave was the first to recover his wonted manner.

"Ah, Roy, come in," he said in his peculiar, sweet voice, and with cordiality that was possibly a little strained. He had never called him Roy before. "We have been holding a tobacco parliament," he continued, nodding toward Moyston's long "churchwarden," which that gentleman may have been smoking some time previously, but it was certainly empty at present. "This is Mr. Moyston, my manager when we are at home."

The manager inclined his head at the introduction, with a sullen courtesy, which Roy acknowledged as briefly.

"We think there should be some changes in the conduct of things here," continued Mr. Redgrave slowly. "You know what a miserably dull place it has been. Not a neighbor has entered the precincts of Wilton's Wish for an age. There is an evil shadow over it, which must be lifted."

"The grounds have gone to neglect, the mansion needs much repair, and altogether the property is just now pretty nearly valueless. Moyston, here, shall begin improvements at once. But there are other improvements of a moral sort, so to speak, which I must have your aid in producing."

To what did this presamble tend? wondered Roy.

"Beatrice and my own little girl are pining for want of amusement and society, and we must try what we can do for them in this direction. The country families of the neighborhood are most eligible people—many of them people to be cultivated with alacrity. That melancholy duty this afternoon—think what gossip must have followed the appearance of our scanty procession to the churchyard! It would have been better to have smuggled the coffin out by night, and buried it."

The funeral had certainly been performed without much pomp. Roy well remembered the short file of carriages—the little knot of mourners around the grave—the forlorn burial, without bell or candle, priest or prayer—and the dismal coming-home.

"But that is over and beyond remedy," continued Mr. Redgrave with a sigh. "We must now turn our thoughts to the living. In a few days after the effect of—of our recent bereavement has subsided, you must take Beatrice and Ursula and call on some of the families in the neighborhood. The visit will be returned, and very soon we shall hold the position in the county which properly belongs to us."

Roy was still listening, but quite mechanically. His mind was full of that weightier matter.

"I do not know that it would be out of the way to give one or two little entertainments after we have properly paved the way," continued Mr. Redgrave, raising his brows and speaking in his soft, clear-cut tones. "Beatrice is not well—she is ill. The confinement here and the hideous gloom of the place weigh on her spirits. She must go about more, see people, talk, laugh, sing, and even dance, if she cares for that amusement. We must get people to come here and put some life into the rooms, and chase away the shadows of death and mystery. It will all be a great bore to me, because I am very quiet and retired, and, beyond my newspapers and glass of wine, have nothing to desire; but I shall sacrifice my own comfort. My little Ursula has a claim, too, of course; and, in short, I have resolved upon a different future for all of you young people. I have taken several walks and rides through the neighborhood and in the little village—what do you call it?—Sheldrake—and met some very agreeable people. The minister, Dr. Chasuble, and his wife and daughter—they live in that pretty red-brick house you probably noticed near the church—were very cordial and delightful, and I was quite charmed with them. Then the Maynwarings, their neighbors, are pleasant folk, too; and I also remember that I met a very delightful lady there—a little elderly—Mrs. Fitzallen—Scotch, I think, and positively gossipy and amusing."

In this strain the conversation continued for some time longer; but Roy had grown impatient. He wished to see Beatrice that night. For what purpose? He did not know. There was no plan of action in his mind—he only desired to see her, speak to her.

At length he managed to withdraw, leaving the tobacco parliament to its further discussion of those weighty measures before it; and now Roy ascended the stairs to that other room which I have described as situated by the painting of "The Contest for the Apple."

Under this picture he lingered an instant. Here he had met Beatrice for the first time, and here she of her free accord had addressed him, and they had laughed and talked. How lovely he had thought her! How pure and good! How innocent!

She was to be his wife. Could fortune bestow a lovelier gift upon any man? was the very expression he had mentally used; and now he stood in this spot again, and only a little time had elapsed, and see what terrible changes! There is something awful in the shattering of an ideal like this. What pangs in life do we suffer comparable in lasting pain to that torture which follows the waking from the dreams of youth.

He entered the room—and she was there, alone. She was sitting at the table, thoughtfully turning over the leaves of an album. She glanced up with a quick flush, and smiled.

"Are you not a little unsociable, Mr. Bellington?" she said. "I think you must find your own society very delightful."

"Rather tiresome sometimes, I fear," he said.

"I suspect you are naturally of a very melancholy disposition, and solitariness goes with melancholy. I have very poor spirits myself. It is an unfortunate temperament—and the worst feature of it is, that we get very little sympathy, or none, from our cheerfuler friends."

"We get little *real* sympathy in any misfortune, I believe," said Roy bitterly; "and none for an unhappy temperament. People don't stop to think about how far we are responsible for it, particularly if they have suffered by it."

"No; but I mean that we melancholy folk are thought to be affected, and our interesting languor is considered imposition," the young lady went on, with that pretty blush still lingering in her cheeks. "The coarser world does not believe in it."

"The world is not as good a place as I once thought it, Miss Ashdale," said he with the stern bitterness of recent disenchantment. "I begin to wonder if I doubt if there are any good people in it. I begin to believe that every human soul is a black pool of hypocrisy!"

He struck the table with startling energy, so that Miss Ashdale's beautiful eyes grew dilated with wonder. She laughed very radiantly all of a sudden—was it mockery? His brow was contracted, and he was angry. In certain moods is there anything more irritating than laughter?

"I think I noticed that a volume of Byron is missing from the great bookcase in the library," she said.

"I have not been reading Byron, Miss Ashdale. I have been reading the volume of every-day experience, and the two are very different—one very exquisite poetry, the other the plainest prose."

"Well, there is only one way to improve the world, I suppose; each one must begin with his or her self. Railing at the faults of your neighbors will do little, I fear, towards correcting them."

"But you must cry out when you suffer by the deceit or wickedness of those whom you had thought good—angelic in all things. 'The wolf dies in silence,' says the poet you just mentioned; but it is the old wolf, who has lived long enough to bear his pain with that kind of fortitude; and, besides, it is the wolf only, and no other animal, who schools himself in this rigid philosophy."

She was really much amused, and her eyes were sparkling, the pretty teeth glittering beneath the carmine of her lips, and the dimples flitting hither and thither over her face.

This good-humor was something like anguish to Roy. Believing what he did, how could he look on and not suffer? That lovely face appealed to his senses, and, at the same moment, his whole soul turned from it with a shudder of disgust.

A mask—a snare—a wicked dream!

"I see how it is," she said, collecting herself a little. "Something has occurred to produce this misanthropic vein of thought."

He was silent, chafing against the restraints that held him back. He must distinctly be must speak coarsely, and he shrank from that. His finer instincts were not powerless yet.

"Yes; something very serious," he answered.

"Would you think me inquisitive if I asked plainly some light on that subject, Mr. Bellington? If Ursula were, here she would not hesitate. Imagine that I am very anxious to know what has suddenly set you so sternly against mankind."

He bent his dark and angry gaze upon her and said:

"*You!*"

And now she was indeed surprised. The laughter all faded away from her face, and she looked up, wondering.

"I? What have *I* done?"

The assumption of innocence was to him in his present state fresh provocations. He could control himself no longer.

"You know—you know!" he said. "I shall not play the hypocrite any longer and pretend to hide my feelings. That role is for you. I have learned all."

He was speaking rapidly and angrily; his face illumined with an angry light, and his eyes lurid and cruel.

She had risen.

"I know all! Have you any shame? How can you face me with that surprised and innocent look?"

"Are you mad, sir?"

"No; I am not mad. I know everything I say, and mean it. A few days ago I could not have believed there was such hypocrisy in the world—such accursed villainy!" His fist was clenched, and he certainly had worked himself into a lamentable condition. "I have learned the truth only this evening."

"The truth? What truth? What do you mean, sir? I don't understand you. Are you yourself? Is this folly meant to frighten me?"

She was about to pass by him toward the door, and had caught at her dress to step swiftly and unimpeded away. But he stood in front of her, and she could not go.

"You shall not leave me yet—not until you are convinced that I am fooled no longer. Everybody else is deceived—they are guessing and conjecturing—while I, alone, know the infernal truth! You—you, Beatrice Ashdale, were the person who entered Mr. Oswynd's room on the night of his death, and robbed him of the Secret Packet!"

He hurled this frightful denunciation at her without pity. She stared at him with white face and frightened eyes.

"It was your hand that administered the ether! It was your hand that took his life as he slept! Murderess!"

"You are mad, sir, I see. Let me pass, or I shall ring the bell for assistance."

"No: it is I who will go," he rejoined, striding to the door. "I have done my duty now—to myself, to the dead. Thank God, I have had the courage!"

And he passed out of the room, leaving her standing there. To his own chamber he took his way, like a man in a dream. All was over now—he had spoken. Soon upon his pillow he laid his feverish and aching head; but sleep would not be won, and for hours he lay thinking and counting the strokes of the clock-chimes as they pealed out at intervals. At length stupor, instead of slumber, followed.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLIGHT OF BEATRICE.

In the morning Beatrice Ashdale's place in that house knew her no more. It was not known at what hour the night before she had quitted Wilton's Wish; but Ursula had bade her good-night at her door. She at that time seemed strange in her manner and secretly distressed, and it was quite apparent that she had been shedding tears. But she would give no explanation.

"She only said, over and over again," narrated pretty little Ursula, in great fright and disorder as she gave this account, "that it was 'nothing.' She begged me not to question her any more, and then kissed me and went into her room, and I went immediately to my own."

Her disappearance created something like consternation. The grief among the servants was very great, for the young lady had been kind to them all, and was greatly admired and held in affection in return. The anguish of the housemaid Martha Allen was pitiful to see, and she evidently blamed herself as the sole cause. As for Roy, he heard the news just before he went into his breakfast. He had risen early, and had taken a long stretch in the frosty morning air in search of an appetite, and when he returned the first person he met was Dick Moyston, who was having one of the horses rubbed down, preparatory to mounting him after the morning refection, which in the servants' hall was not yet concluded.

"Bad news, sir," said Moyston in his deep, metallic tones, as he saw Roy striding towards him.

The young man stopped.

"Bad news? What has happened now?"

"The young lady is missing—Miss Beatrice—haven't you heard?"

Roy had heard nothing, of course, having seen no one belonging to Wilton since he left his bed. And so, now, Moyston, with evil relish, and with hints, and inciting his narrative occasionally by a given some direction to the ostler, proceeded to relate the circumstances as they had come to him. Being a gentleman of very strong nerves, his emotion was by no means excited as he spoke, and he wound up with the declaration that the young lady had "mizzled—gone—dead and cut, and left behind—" Moyston, lift up that foreleg, and let me take a squint at it."

Why she had gone was very plain to Roy. The step was the most natural in the world. But there was something else in his mind—the thought that he had driven her away. When he left her she had gone up to her room, spoken her good-night to Ursula, watched the lights in the house go out, and then quiet, and then taken flight. He could mentally trace her course of proceeding without difficulty; and what might seem strange to others—the fact of a timid girl trusting herself thus to the darkness and the unknown road—was not at all strange to him. She was accustomed to nocturnal adventures. But he felt a strange pang. How he glanced at that he had been so hasty! In this bright morning light he saw things very differently. He had acted heedlessly, and like a fool.

He should have gone to her and spoken kindly, and she would have trusted him, and no one else need ever have learned what passed between them. Instead of this he had stormed at her like a madman, scolding his Ophelia, no such melodramatics need have occurred, but a very quiet confidence, and here this unhappy young lady might have still been to-day.

It was a cold night, the road lonely and the way dark. What horror of despair she must have felt to go forth, penniless, friendless! Then, as a new solution about it; he was responsible for all; and at that moment he felt like a villain. As he glanced towards the horse he saw the pale face of Archbald Redgrave at the window. He was beckoning. Roy went to him.

"This is a terrible business," said the old man in great agitation. "I suppose you have heard. I don't know what to think—I don't understand it. What can be the meaning of it?"

"It is very strange," answered Roy uncomfortably.

"Have you been to breakfast? Come in. I must talk to you. You see I am quite upset—and things are all awry. All the servants are crying and half in hysterics, and it is as if she had been murdered."

"Where can she have gone?" said Roy when he had entered the dining-room. "She must still be in the neighborhood."

"I don't know. I have sent the men out, and Moyston is to start as soon as he has had his breakfast. It is the most distressing and unaccountable thing I ever heard of."

"Did you examine her room? There may have been a note, or something—some explanation. It might give us a clue."

"No—nothing at all—not a scrap or shred. What was her motive? Was she unhappy here—in fear of anything or anyone? It is a—a—upon my honor, it is like insanity—a sudden freak, you know. There have been other such cases. She could never have been in her senses to take such a dreadful step."

"It looks like madness indeed."

"There, sit down; and there is the coffee-urn and the other things. You will have to help yourself, for every servant in the house is distracted. And now reflect a moment—your mind is clear—and give me your opinion."

Roy's appetite, that he had sought so earnestly in his morning tramp, had vanished again, and he sipped a little coffee listlessly, and trifled with an egg.

"Can she have taken the train at Sheldrake? I remember there was one due in the neighborhood of midnight."

Mr. Redgrave was tapping nervously on the window-pane, and staring out at the landscape with contracted brow.

"The most probable theory I have been able to hit upon," he said. "It struck me earnestly from the first."

He turned away from the window and sat down near Roy Bellington, and, after glancing cautiously around, said:

"At the present stage of matters there is no use in half-confidences. I shall speak to you very frankly, Roy. What I am about to say must go no farther. I shall ask you a question. Did you ever have a surmise as to who took the Missing Packet?"

Roy looked at him frankly.

"I—I naturally examined the matter a little."

"Did it ever occur to you that Beatrice might have entered Oswynd's room that night and abstracted it? Kendryn's theory was correct. It was a woman. Was it Beatrice?"

"What do you think for your own part?" said Roy, evading.

"In the light of present developments, what can I think except that it was Beatrice? That would explain her flight at once. She read the packet, and fled rather than accept its conditions. Knowing the secret, she went away rather than marry you."

"She could have escaped that doom," said Roy, "with a word."

"But you don't understand women. She has done just what a foolish girl would do. She had not the courage to—to—the arrangement marked out, and adopted the only other means of avoiding it."

"You may be correct."

"I am convinced that I am correct. Poor, silly Beatrice, what folly! I can hardly realize that she is gone. But we must lose no time. She may not have left the neighborhood yet—a safe and suitable refuge might have been found her—about—and you must go to Sheldrake at once and institute inquiries."

"I shall go without delay."

"And what a distressing scandal all this will create! Everybody will be talking of it. It seems to me this place is doomed—under a curse of some kind. I wish Percival had torn it down or got rid of it somehow. It has always been an unlucky house. Those Arnolds, you know, were a bad lot, and that fellow Wilton never had a minute's peace here. There is a book upstairs gives a history of the whole wretched business."

"I suppose I had better be as cautious as possible in pursuing inquiries at Sheldrake?"

"Of course; but leave nothing. I intended to send Moyston—he is a good, honest fellow, but perhaps a little too blunt and direct, and you will do much better. He is out there, having the horse groomed now. When you get to Sheldrake, see the telegraph operator and find out who bought tickets for the last train, and I think you had better see the signalman, too. She might have got on without a ticket."

And so, after a few more suggestions on one side and the other, Roy's line of inquiry was settled upon. In a little while he had finished his breakfast, and the horse was brought round, and soon afterward he was cantering rapidly toward the village.

Sheldrake was a very small, and, but for the railroad, might have been described as a very quiet place, but day and night the inhabitants had for their entertainment the strident music of the locomotive, which they doubtless enjoyed very much. The trains went rattling and shrieking by at intervals of every quarter of an hour, and in this way the place was always a certain kind of excitement. The people were of those calm, easy-going, very curious souls, who are born for serene country life, and would be miserable in any other; and as Roy rode by, there was many an inquisitive face at the windows, and probably much interesting comment on that very handsome young gentleman's appearance. But Roy glanced neither to the right nor to the left till he dismounted near the railway office and sought the interior of that modest building.

Here he found a pale young man, whose appearance betokened nervous irritability and bad health, which was not very surprising, considering the stifling atmosphere of the apartment. Little Tilly inhabited and the incessant racket of the instrument on his table. But he looked sentimental, and was the very sort of person to remember a young lady's pretty face.

To him Roy cautiously applied for information as to travelers by the late train the previous night.

"11.47? Let me see, let me see," he mused. "I sold two tickets for that train—an old gentleman and a middle-aged man."

"You did not see a young lady?"

The operator shook his head discouragingly. He may possibly have conjectured that Roy was in pursuit of a runaway spouse.

"There was no young lady in this office during the evening. The train did not pass till 11.58," he continued, with the accuracy of long habit in watching the flight of time, which made him a sort of human hour-glass, conscious of the fall and accompanying history of every sand.

"You are absolutely certain?"

The pale slave of the wire stared. He was aware of his infallibility in these matters. The question astonished the man who never made a mistake in his life. He disdained to answer.

Roy thanked him and went out to consult the signalman. This unhappy individual passed his whole life on a full run. His cares in the government of his switches and use of his divers-colored flags kept him incessantly trotting from one point to another: and, as he advanced towards Roy at rapid speed, it was quite as much as that agitated gentleman could do to bring him to a halt.

"Yes; there was a lady who took the 11.47 last night," he said. "She didn't get a ticket. The man she was with bought it for her. She stood outside here on the platform."

Roy asked for a description. The one he received was vague and unsatisfactory. She wore a veil, and her face could not be seen; but she was evidently young. Her dress could not be made out very well in the darkness, and when she was invited to go into the waiting-room she declined, merely shaking her head.

This was all; but Roy was satisfied that he had traced the fugitive successfully. Who was the strange man? Most probably he was unknown to Beatrice, and had undertaken the purchase of her ticket at her request. Her motive in this was evident. In the light of the ticket-office her features could have been made out through the veil.

Roy turned away sick at heart. She was gone—lost! What reason was there to suppose he would ever see her again? Beautiful, unhappy Beatrice!

He did not think it necessary to make further inquiries, nor was he in the mood.

He remounted his steed and rode disconsolately back toward Wilton. What would his friend Kendryn think of this new riddle? Had he not better return and telegraph to the lawyer? No; he would write him a long and frank letter, and give him for the first time the facts he had hitherto so foolishly kept to himself.

He found Wilton's Wish almost as he had left it. Archbald Redgrave met him with anxiety and listened to his narrative, and agreed with him entirely.

"It was Beatrice," he said. "There is no doubt about it. Beatrice took the midnight train from Sheldrake."

"What will she do?" said Roy. "She has no acquaintance. Where will she go?"

Mr. Redgrave thought a moment.

"I have it!" he said. "She has gone to find her sister Ernestine. How odd that I should never have thought of it before!"

He seemed relieved; and, as for Roy, it seemed to him as if the whole firmament had suddenly lighted up at black midnight. With her sister she would be safe

And so now, in a better frame of mind, the young man went up to his room, and there, drawing his materials all about him, he sat down and indited a long and honest letter to his absent counselor, Mr. Kendryn. He left nothing. He told the whole wretched story of his recent doings and their consequences from beginning to end. When he had finished, he took his letter downstairs and placed it in the family mail-bag, and his heart was lighter than it had been for a long time.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LOST CHILD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"My father was a man taller than I am," said John Todd. "His shoulders were also broader, and he was known in this locality as 'Giant Todd;' and yet he was a good man, with a kind heart in his broad breast. He never used a profane word, and always read a chapter out of the old Bible that now lays on a table in my cabin. I hardly think he ever went to church in his life, for there was no church within many miles of his home. I think there is something in nature, and the eternal wonders of the wilderness, that tends to implant the minds of men here with the greatness and goodness of God. I know as I went to Poughkeepsie once on a little business, and I heard more tall swearing there in one night than I have heard here in forty years; and yet I saw churches and school-houses on every street. You have been long enough to know how the solemn stillness is sometimes broken by the sudden storms sweeping through these mountain-passes, and how even the mountains themselves seem to tremble; and these things strike home to the heart of man. But never mind all this. There are good men and bad men everywhere. I want to tell you of a child that was lost in the woods here more as thirty years ago. I was a lad then, and yet I recollect it well.

"My father's nearest neighbors at that time was a family named Arnold, and they lived four miles down the stream. They had two children—a boy and a girl—the boy five and the girl three years old. One summer afternoon, while they were at play, as was their custom, and at night the boy came down the path crying, and said his little sister had wandered in the woods and he could not find her. As the country at that time was much wilder than it is now, and beasts were quite thick, the agony of the Arnolds knew no bounds.

"The boy could tell no alarm-bells in this section; and when there is danger or trouble, a horn is blown, which is a signal calling for aid.

"'That is Arnold's horn,' said the old man. 'Some trouble,' and off he started. He was gone all night, and when he returned home in the morning he was haggard and pale.

"'I have been all night in the woods,' he said, 'and we have hunted for her all night with torches, and she cannot be found. Poor Mary Arnold! how my heart bleeds for her. Her reason is giving away over the loss of her child. She could not have wandered far—she is so young—but may have fallen over a precipice, or have been carried away by a bear. Let Dan Gordon come with me, and he will go back home a little child. Bring food, Jack, and a torch. You go with me. Be careful, and do not get lost yourself.'

"Night came upon us, and yet the child was not found. Mountain-passes, ravines and gullies had been traversed without success.

"'Go home, Jack,' said the old man. 'Dan and me will continue the search as long as there is hope. If you meet the Arnolds, tell them to trust in God for the best.'

"I met the mother of the child in the woods, weeping and moaning, and calling her child by name, and no answer came. The whippoorwill carroled his notes in the distance, and mingled its voice with the sobs of the poor woman.

"'All is lost,' she said, 'and poor little Tilly is dead!'

"That night Mary Arnold lay in her humble home between life and death. I was but a lad, and yet I remained with her. Arnold and father were still searching for the child."

"Did they find it?" I eagerly asked.

"No! Dan found it."

"You mean the dog?"

"Yes. You see, the dog was gone over ten hours, and the old man knew there was something up. He knew the dog had found the child, and was watching its body somewhere, either dead or alive."

"Was the child dead?"

"I will come to that pretty soon. You have seen that little rosy, good-natured woman in this house, what cooks your food and makes your bed?"

"Your wife, you mean?"

"Yes. Well, that's Tilly."

"Is that true?"

"No mistake 'bout that, sir."

"Well, now, the rest of the story."

"In the morning the old man was nearly exhausted. Long without food or sleep, and footsore, he laid down to rest, and soon sleep came to his eyes. When he awoke, Dan was by his side, watching him with eager eyes and lips of blood. He tugged with his teeth at father's shirt, as much as to say 'Come with me.' The old man followed, and down a ravine the faithful dog led him, and under a cliff of rock lay the bruised and bleeding girl."

"Not dead?" I said.

"No; but bruised, and sleeping its last sleep. It had wandered three miles from home, and fallen from a rock in a deep ravine, and was entirely hidden from human view. The faithful dog had found the child, and watched it for hours, and licked the blood from its wounds. Father took the little child in his arms, and carried it to a spring, and bathed its face and gave it sips of water. Its lips were fevered and parched, and its face pale as death. And then he knelt down in the woods with the little child in his arms, and, with closed eyes, he offered thanks to God for his mercy and goodness. And then he arose from his knees and sang and shouted, and the dog danced and seemed to understand all."

"And when the mother recovered her child, I suppose there was joy in the house?" I said.

"Don't ask me 'bout that," he replied. "You can imagine it all."

"Yes, I can imagine it all," I said.

"Mary Arnold and Tilly both wept when poor Dan died. As Tilly grew into womanhood I never was so happy as when we picked wild flowers together in the fields, side by side, and my only wish now is that, when death comes to us at last, the once 'LOST CHILD' will be buried by my side."

CAPT. BARCLEY.

THE GAME OF CARDS.

This life is but a game of cards,
Which mortals have to learn:
Each shuffles, cuts and deals the pack,
And each a trump doth turn;
Some bring a high card to the top,
And others bring a low.
Some hold a sand quite flush of trumps,
While others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practiced hand,
And pack their cards with care,
So they may know when they are dealt
Where all the leaders are.
Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues,
While rogues each other cheat,
And he is very wise indeed
Who never meets defeat.

When playing, some throw out the ace,
The counting cards to save,
Some play the deuce, and some the ten,
But many play the knave;
Some play for money, some for fun,
And some for worldly fame,
But not until the game's played out
Can they count up the game.

When hearts are trumps we play for love
And pleasure rules the hour.
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy
In beauty's rosy bower;
We sing, we dance, sweet verses make,
Our cards at random play,
And while our trumps remain on top
Our game's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the pack
The players stake their gold,
And heavy sums are lost and won
By gamblers young and old;
Intent on winning, each his game
Doth watch with eager eye
How he may see his neighbor's cards
And beat him on the sly.

When clubs are trumps, look out for war
On ocean and on land,
For bloody horrors always come
When clubs are held in hand;
Then lives are staked instead of gold,
The dogs of war are freed—
Across the broad Atlantic now,
See, clubs have got the lead!

Last game of all is when the spade
Is turned by hand of Time;
He always seals the closing game
In every age and clime.
No matter how much each man wins,
Or how much each man saves,
The spade will finish up the game
And dig the players' graves.

PERDITA.

A Story of New Orleans.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

"Murder!"

One shrill, sharp cry rang out on the silent midnight, and when the watchful guardians of the peace reached the spot a man was found lying on the *banquette*, in the last agonies of dissolution, from the effects of a shot through the right lung. In one hand he held a lighted cigarette, which he had evidently been in the act of conveying to his mouth when the fatal deed was perpetrated. No traces of robbery were visible on his person; no sign of any struggle; no evidence that could possibly lead to the detection of the assassin. But, on examining the features of the murdered man, the policemen recognized the remarkably handsome and well-known face of the only son of one of our most wealthy and aristocratic Creole families, residing in a sumptuous uptown mansion. As the news spread and a crowd quickly gathered around the inanimate form, the question passed from mouth to mouth—a terribly earnest question, one that possibly may never be answered, and it is still the all-absorbing topic on the streets of New Orleans—"Who killed Paul Rivere?"—*Extract from New Orleans daily paper.*

Sitting here to-day in my lonely, cheerless cell—a maniac's prison—shut out from all companionship and presence of my fellow-creatures, feeling the hand of despair heavy upon me and the worm of anguish and remorse gnawing at my heart—I grasp at this scrap of an old newspaper, and pore, hour after hour, over its contents. "Who killed Rivere?" Ah! how often was the query made, how the newspapers have teemed with the question, how common a thing it was for months after the fearful tragedy occurred, to hear the soul-harrowing interrogatory, made with blanched cheek and trembling lips: "Who did this dreadful thing?"

His, indeed, had been an enviable existence. Young, care must have sat lightly on his slender shoulders; wealthy, the world—that vague world called "society"—was at his feet; the beloved scion of "one of our most aristocratic creole families," his *entree* into the charmed circle was assured. And, as if Fortune had not showered on him gifts enough and to spare, Nature had granted him the perfection of physical beauty. You can understand it all—how he took captive every heart that crossed his path. I, knowing him now, would rather have met a deadly serpent, and attempted to clasp it in my arms, with no expectation of receiving my death-wound, than to have met Paul Rivere. And yet I *did meet him!* Met him? Ah, ha! And from first to last 'twas a fatal meeting. How I hate him now—that dead man of whom they made a martyr, and on whose costly marble tomb is inscribed "Aged twenty-five; foully murdered by unknown parties, on the night of March twenty-first, 1875." Parties unknown and unsuspected! Ha, ha! And yet how I long to break my shackles, to burst with my slender woman's hands through this heavy iron-barred door, to dash past my keeper (kill him, if need be!) and rush through the crowded streets, wherever and ever come and go the footsteps of the dead man—hurry, tramp! over the pavements—dead! dead! Yes, I would rush past them all: I would leave the dead man far behind me; I would force my way into that "sumptuous uptown mansion," where a proud and dainty mother, smothered in folds of crape, lies wailing for the son "who was, and is not;" and into the presence of the stately old father—last scion of his haughty Creole race—and gaze upon his white hair, and bowed head, and drooping form; and then to look upon *her*, the woman who came between me and happiness, the beautiful destroyer of my peace, she who was to have been his wife. *His wife!* And I—what, then, would I have been? I would enter their presence and horrify them with the astounding intelligence, so long kept a secret by me; and then I would come out upon the busy thoroughfare, and, checking the onward march of the crowds, I would stand upon the house-tops, and shout into the ears of the assembled multitude—"I killed Paul Rivere!"

And now I am going to tell you why I did it! I am of Spanish origin, and we Spaniards never forgive. I was poor, too, and in "society" that is a crime; but, then, I was not in "society," for I was only a soubrette in a New Orleans theatre. I know what that means, good people; it signifies a mark for every shaft of insult and derision, but, believe me or not (it matters little now), until I met Paul Rivere I was an honest woman. It was a long time after he began to frequent our theatre, and throw me bouquets, and finally send to me, in the most delicate and courteous manner, little gifts of value, before I consented to allow his presentation to me. After that, the rest was easy, for his courtly, high-bred words soon won my heart. Ah, why did I not see the devil peeping forth from those dark, Southern eyes, and note the imprint of the serpent, in the impassioned kiss, which one day he pressed upon my lips! That first kiss! It scorches and burns into my very heart! But no! I went on blindly, to the bitter end. I disregarded the pleadings and tears of my aged father, who was dependent on me for maintenance; that father who had been the only creature in the world that cared for me. In vain did he remind me that I—Perdita Ferraro—was of noble birth, and no stain had ever yet darkened our hereditary name. I blinded my eyes to it all, and walked deliberately on my way; while "society" drew its dainty skirts aside as I passed by, and sneered (as nobody *out* of "society" *can* sneer): "*Actress!*"

Ah, but this "society"—*curse it!*—is hard and bitter on the actor's profession. Only when our services are desired for their amusement and entertainment, then we no longer are "play-actors," but suddenly emerge from our shells of obscurity to be known as "professional artistes!" *Artistes!* Bah! Even cooks and barbers sometimes use that title. In my bitterness of spirit, I have often marveled that this same "virtuous, kid-gloved society" should stoop to allow itself to be entertained by these "shameless representations"—the drama that some of our spotless clergymen (themselves like unto a wife?) have publicly denounced as taking hold on "the gates of death," and whose "steps lead down to hell." And this query has often crossed my mind; but remember, good people, that I am insane—these are only the ravings of a maniac. Would society be purer and better if it followed the footsteps and examples of these self-constituted rebukers—would it not more likely, as did the swine in the Scriptures, "rush down violently in the sea, and perish in the waters?"

What is this thing called "society?" A despotism, an incubus which sits upon the souls of honest people; a pitiless jury that condemns our actions, oftentimes before they are committed. Oh, just and virtuous sinless "society!"

But let me hasten my story, for the shadows of twilight are gathering about my dreary cell; they are creeping up to my feet, where I crouch in a gloomy corner. They are fearful things—these shadows—with terrible serpent forms, and grinning skulls and skeleton claws, which are ever extended to grasp me, and every shadow bears the same features, each horrible creeping thing that crawls about me, here in the darkness, is stamped with the image of the same face—twas gloriously beautiful once—now it is but a heap of earth—the face of Paul Rivere.

Well, these were days of gilded misery, which the pangs of a half-stifled conscience would not leave in peace; days when I neglected my old father and forgot the calls of filial love. He had always been kind to me—that father—from the day when he had lifted my childish form from the arms of my dead mother, away in fair Havana, and said, "I will be both father and mother to this innocent child." Nobly had he kept his word; kept it through days of

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

"US FELLERS," Holyoke.—"Will you please decide the following questions and end a series of disputes which we have had lately? 1. A bets B that the White Stockings will beat the Hartfords 2 to 1. The score stands W., 1; H., 0. Who wins? 2. A bets B that he hasn't $5 in his (B's) pocket. B puts up $5 to cover the bet, and can raise no more. Who wins? 3. In a game of billiards (four-ball), A plays the white ball, which is frozen to the two reds in the corner so that he cannot play away from them or on them. Should not the reds be spotted, so that A can play without fouling? 4. For the same game, A's ball jumps upon the rail and stays there. Should the ball be considered off the table, and does he forfeit three points? 5. In a match game of billiards, A has one shot to go, and makes it, and, being elated at winning the game, throws his cue upon the table before the balls stop rolling. One of the balls strikes the cue, and his opponent claims foul. A claims no foul could be made after he made the shot. How was it? Did A win, or did B his opponent get another chance?" ——1. A pass. According to the arbitrary standard of the arithmetic-makers, 1 to 0 is millions to one, but practically it is nothing of the kind. In the long run it simply ends more than nothing. The mere arithmetician would perhaps decide as to a bet of ten to one on two clubs' scores, that a score of 10 to 0 was the likeliest result, but this is only one of several conjectures, require five months.

AMATEUR, Fall River.—A striker calls for a low ball, and delivers at a high one. Should not every succeeding ball pitched over the home base, either high or low, be considered fair for the striker, and so called by the umpire? ——Yes.

H. A. London.—1. It would be difficult in the extreme to ascertain. 3. Goldsmith Maid was foaled in May, 1857. Her first record was 2:26, made at Goshen, N. Y., in August, 1863. She was not known as Goldsmith Maid at that time.

J. W. C., Lynn.—Bets go with the game. All that is requisite is that the subscribers are members of the club. The stakeholder should pay the money, unless one or more of the "nay" voters are members.

SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—If you were playing so that first man out would take all the money, B could not give A odds. But if there was anything depending on the loss of the game, then B could give A out in self-protection.

CARROLL, St. Louis.—The expression is perfectly correct. The notion that the man cannot have 5 in future because the woman has had it (in another sense) is erroneous. After a certain event, both will have it—it will be theirs.

E. F. B., Jamestown.—The letter a, when used as an indefinite article (or adjective, as some grammarians call it), is a word in English; and it is a word in French also, being a preposition in the latter language.

J. S. G., Coburg.—You are correct. Whenever the pitcher makes any one of the motions he is accustomed to in delivering the ball, he makes a balk, unless he pitches the ball.

O. G.—Apply to some manager in person and state your wishes. If you fall with one, try another. Your salary would be from $20 to $25 per week.

DAVE COLLINS, Boston.—The actor must pay his own fare to the place of first performance, unless otherwise specially agreed with the manager.

COMMERCIAL, Boston.—Champagne cut-glass drinking goblets are used, and their tones are regulated by the quantity of water they contain.

H. S., Coral.—The fastest pacing time is 2:14¼, made by Billy Boyce at Buffalo, under saddle. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

A SUBSCRIBER, East Park.—When she made 2:14, Goldsmith Maid trotted against a running horse, which was NOT hitched to her.

J. R., St. Paul.—All gone.

POOL.—1. The player having pocketed the ball, and then holed his own, you win the bet. 2. We do not give the private addresses of professional ladies.

FRANK JOHNSON, Le Roy.—1. Send 60c. to Ed. James, 88 Centre street, for the "Manual of Sporting Rules." 2. Name some distance.

R. B. M.—So long as there is a chance for an antagonist to win at pedro, a player cannot call out. If A could make high-low-jack, the game was out, having 11 to go to B's 2.

ESTELLE, Dayton, O.—A "possible thirty-five" means that that was the highest score that could be made—a bull's eye counting five, and each man having seven scoring shots.

CONSTANT READER, Sutter Creek.—A horse will go fastest under saddle. All trotting records, when not otherwise specified, are of time made in harness.

G. F. COREY, Urbana, O.—The information sent is too stale for our columns. Write promptly hereafter. 2. Advertise for them.

BENSON, Indianapolis.—We keep no list of authors' plays. "Saratoga" is the only one by the person you name that achieved any marked success.

THOS. KANE.—Cannot say. It is late for you or your name sake. No line of business is given. It is post-marked Station E, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN AMATEUR SCORER.—You are correct. A base-hit is only made when no plain chance is given to any fielder to put the batsman out.

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J. T., Helena.—There is no such thing in pedro as playing two cards from one hand. If A gave two, without having a trump, he had necessarily to "go up" two.

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"THE SPANISH DUEL."—A correspondent wishes to ascertain who are the authors of the speculative poems entitled "The Spanish Duel" and "Aux Italiens."

F. P. D., Phila.—1. We do not know. 2. You might as well make cricket of the game at once. 3. No such list has been published.

P. AND S., Baltimore.—The game being stopped by the police, that ended it; and all bets are off, and the game is a draw.

G. W., Cincinnati.—1. Hatfield is not playing with any nine. 2. It has been settled, and he can play in the new nine formation here.

CONSTANT READER, Buffalo.—1. No; all that is necessary is to hold the ball at first base. 2. Yes. 3. Yes; a ball must be called when three unfair balls have been delivered.

H. E. W., Stamford.—1. Yes. 2. A professional nine is a nine the majority of which receive compensation for their services in either "money, place, or emolument."

CHAS. FURCK, Utica.—The umpire acted illegally, and the game is off—no game.

X. Y. Z. St. Louis.—1. All he can make, as the rules plainly state. 2. Yes.

CLEVELAND, Butler.—The ball played with is the trophy of victory.

J. L. P., Trenton.—The nickel cent was authorized by Act of Congress, Feb. 21, 1857.

A. D'U., Chicago.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

ANXIOUS, Haverhill.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him soonest.

C. B., Sing Sing.—A. T. Stewart's retail store, corner of Broadway and Tenth street, is built of iron.

C. S. AND J. R.—At penochle, a player can call game as soon as he thinks he has made it.

PODASOKUS, Phila.—Fastest *mile dash*, 1:42½, at Saratoga; fastest four-mile dash, 7:19¾, same place.

E. M., Covington.—It is a matter of opinion which is the best fire department in the United States.

R. H. B., Portland.—It will cost A nine dollars to see B's straddle.

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WILKESBARRE.—A player can name a card for trump, or order up a card, without any of the suit in his hand.

S. B., Allentown.—Sunday laws are subject to State legislation. Congress has no voice.

J. H. H., Phila.—At seven-up, low-jack goes out before high-game.

G. S., Chicago.—One-mile running, 1:41¾, at Lexington, Ky.

CHIPS.—The riot in which the Ninth Regiment, Col. Jas. Fisk, took part occurred on July 12, 1871.

CONSTANT READER, Buffalo.—Yes; Buffalo, was made neither to wagon nor under saddle, but in harness.

RATES, Dubuque.—1. Championship of what? 2. Items are acceptable.

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CLEVELAND.—Their tour was made in 1869, not 1868. In the former year they did not lose a game.

A. G. S., Oberlin.—Not out, as it was not fielded by a player of the nine.

C. A. F., Sanconeta.—High, low, jack, game and pedro.

W. H. M., Faris.—There is no record of quarter-running.

FIRST B., Auburn, Ind.—It is for the ball they play with.

"OUTSIDER," Boston.—She was by a few days ago.

W. H. F. H., Boston.—Too late for analysis this week.

CAPITAL A, St. Louis.—T stands for times at the bat.

GRANT.—You will avoid all trouble by not investing.

J. D., Pittsburg.—Do not know what his salary is.

S. Y. N. M.—Apply personally to some manager.

FINE WORK.—No; not unless you furnish clues.

J. M.—Yes; card costs for five insertions $9.75.

READER, St. Louis.—It is a matter of opinion.

O. MORRIS, Cincinnati.—It is not in our line.

C. P. East Side.—It was the latter.

WESLYN, Rochester.—It does not count.

G. L. F., Cambridge.—Yes; it is correct.

KNOCK-OUT.—No; he is changeable.

C. N. A.—Your friend is wrong.

JUMPIST, Cleveland.—No record.

C. A. J., Erie.—Bet is about $25.

A. JACOBS.—$2.50 received.

R. A., Phila.—Yes; in 1869.

SOMETHING NEW.

We have been greatly interested in the various accounts of the Keely Motor. Mr. Keely, a Philadelphia mechanic, is said to have invented or discovered a cold vapor capable of exerting a pressure of an enormous number of pounds to the square inch. The vapor is said to be produced by a purely mechanical process from air and water, to be absolutely free from taste or smell, and to be somewhat colder than ice. Some of the uses to which this alleged discovery may be applied have been pointed out by the press; but none of the writers appear to have taken a broad and comprehensive view of the subject. There is a good deal of talk about revolutionizing machinery; but, if the motor fulfills the expectations of its friends, we see no reason why it should not revolutionize mechanics and merchants and all other branches of the human family, instead of wasting its sweetness on wrought iron. It is cooling to the coats of the stomach; and if it contains no ingredients more hurtful than air and water, it certainly could be taken into the system without deleterious effects. The benefits to be derived from such an addition of power to the human frame may be easily imagined.

Take the case of a pedestrian. He could have enough of the vapor injected under the skin of his heels to give him the propelling power of a twenty-horse engine; and then, emulating the example of Keely, he could keep his own secrets, and issue a challenge to Commodore Vanderbilt, offering to run a foot-race against his swiftest locomotive from New York to Albany. The old railroad king always was fond of a race, even in the distant days when he commanded a steamer on the Sound. And the pedestrian could easily arrange with him to have the stakes so large that, in the event of winning, he should share the Commodore's fortune. The Keely Motor Company would, of course, back the foot-passenger.

The interviewer of the daily press would find it a very useful article to have about the house. He could take an ounce of the motor into his mouth, thus enabling his cheek to sustain a pressure of at least twenty thousand pounds. This trifling addition to his natural endowments would perfect him for his business. He could go about blowing the roofs off of churches, and disjointing the skeleton in every closet. He could ask a widow what her husband's grave-clothes cost, and pry into the mysteries of a bridal *trousseau* without the remotest danger of blushing. He could make his way to Brooklyn Heights, and ask Mrs. Beecher if she thought her husband was guilty; and he could discuss the genesis of the race with Susan B. Anthony. He could ask the members of the New York and Pennsylvania Legislatures how much they got for their votes, and he could propound all sorts of loose conundrums to all manner of people. By inflating his trousers, as well as his cheek, with the vapor, he could resist a forty-jackass kicking power, and grow fat on it.

The pugilist who trains himself on this vapor will, of course, be able to knock his antagonist out of time. The oarsman who inhales it will be endowed with strength sufficient to "humph" his boat through the water at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It will revolutionize the game of baseball. A careful series of calculations, based on pure mathematics, shews that the batsman surcharged with the motor can, without the slightest difficulty, send the ball two and seven-eighths miles at a single clip.

The vapor will make its influence felt in the pulpit. A Boston preacher offers a reward of two hundred dollars for the best solution of the conundrum "Why don't men go to church?" The answer is obvious. They await the advent of the Keely Motor Minister. Let the parson load up with the vapor, giving to himself the power of a moderate-size steam-engine, and he could awaken the torpid conscience of a professional politician, or bring tears to the eyes of a three-card-monte stool-pigeon.

It will be a good thing for actors. Several of those languid gentlemen who hold the boards, and who deem it inconsistent with their double-refined characters to speak in a voice audible to the galleries, might profitably inhale a few ounces of the marvelous vapor, and give to their lungs a stentorian power. To others of the profession who are already capable of splitting the ears of the groundlings, it would be a positive injury. It would be an undisguised blessing to some of the amateur female stars of the stage.

But in expatiating on the various uses to which the Keely Motor might be put, a suspicion seizes us that all our ideas have been anticipated and acted upon. The various mysteries of the "Brooklyn sorrow" have not yet been explained. What kept the trial in motion for six months? Certainly, not the pertinent testimony which was adduced, for most of the testimony was impertinent. Not the desire of the public, for the public soured on it long before its lame conclusion was reached. Not the connivance of the Judge, nor the desire of the plaintiff or defendant. How, then, shall we account for the tediousness of an affair the echoes of which have not yet died away? How, indeed, but on the supposition that the lawyers on both sides had charged their vocal organs with Keely's cold vapor, and that it required a round period of one hundred and eighty days to exhaust the propulsion which this great motor gave to their tongues! It is not to be supposed that eminent gentlemen like Mr. Evarts and Mr. Beach would voluntarily inflict a thirty hours' address on a long-suffering jury. But, if they accidentally overdosed themselves with the vapor, their conduct at once becomes excusable and commendable. But, while cautiously advancing this theory, and finding in it a satisfactory explanation of the cost of the trial, we beg to assure our Brooklyn friends that we do not wish it made the subject of any supplemental "Statements." The supply of that sort of literature already exceeds the demand. If, however, we have succeeded in demonstrating some of the unimagined possibilities of Keely's Motor, we shall feel that we have not labored in vain.

BOSTON is in despair—Chicago has stolen upon the Hub unawares, and has induced several of her pet baseball players to cut loose from the Boston reds, and to enter for the Chicago nine for the next season. There is a general howl in Massachusetts, and the comeuters will have a hard road to travel between now and the end of the present term. The thing is no idle rumor, but a fixed fact, and Spalding will engineer the new team for the city by the lake. In addition to securing four of the Boston's playyers, the new club has also induced a couple of the Athletics to join the new departure; and that, too, at a time when Philadelphia expects every man to do his duty, in view of the great Centennial campaign. Truly, Henry Wright and McBride have been caught napping, and there is great tribulation in the camps of the Boston and Quaker City brotherhood. Chicago has money, and she will spend it freely to secure a nine that will wipe out the disgrace inflicted upon her this season. More anon.

PLIMSOLL got very angry in Parliament, a few days ago, and the cable informs us that he bit his thumb at the Government. Such an act portends war! And yet Plimsy is *not* a fighting man. Who knows what may happen in these dog-days? While Plimsoll and D'Israeli are making faces at each other "over there," Kelly and Morrissey are squaring off at each other in the American metropolis. The very air is filled with omens, and on the back of the Western grasshoppers the letter W. is plainly to be seen. We live in troublous times.

DURING THE SWIMMING MATCH in the river Delaware, on the 22d inst., the aquatic sports did not have everything their own way; for at Gloucester, N. J., some extraordinary *rifle* practice was indulged in by experts from Philadelphia, New York and other places, a number of "bull's-eyes" being captured, and numerous other robberies were perpetrated. And yet everything went along swimmingly —in the water.

THE CARLIST WAR continues to engage the peaceful attention of the civilized world. In this city we have a similar state of affairs—the *car-list* war between the honest horse-car conductors and the "receivers," in regard to short change. When conductors are short, a change is shortly made.

SEVERAL BATHERS having been drowned at the seaside resort, isn't it time that hotel-proprietors bethought themselves of getting out the life-boats?

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

ARNOLD, Mary Selena—Widow of C. M. Arnold, and daughter of the late Dr. J. W. Schmidt of Charleston, S. C. —this city, July 24.

ALBERT, Rev. John J.—Formerly of St. Bonifacius' R. C. Church, Philadelphia, and lately of St. Joseph's, Easton, Pa.—in Jackson, Miss., July 28.

ABRAHAMS, James F.—From about 1838 to 1844, of the firm of Abrahams & Vandegrift, merchant tailors of Philadelphia. Subsequently he removed to Iowa, and was postmaster of Burlington—there, June 8, aged 63.

BAYNER, Mrs. Sarah—Born in Cecil County, Md., where in her earlier life she was a slave. Said to have been 130 years old.—Home for Destitute Colored Persons, Philadelphia, July 13.

BRIGGS, Holden S.—An old resident of Blackstone, Mass., killed by a railroad train running over him—there, July 21.

BRONSON, Dr. Oliver—Formerly of this city—Richfield Springs, N. Y., July 17, aged 75.

BARNES, Dr. Orson—A prominent chess-player, and for thirteen years past a leading physician of Paterson, N. J. —there, of dropsy, July 24, aged 58.

BARNEY, George A.—Ex-Councilman from the Fifth Ward of this city, and also Alderman. Up to a year ago he was a member of the old firm of Stiles & Barney, painters, &c., of this city. A native of Bangor, Me., from there he was born in the year 1826, and came to this city about 1845. He was prominently identified with the old Volunteer Fire Department, as Foreman of Engine No. 1 Engine, and afterwards of "Big Six." Suddenly, of heart disease—Keyport, N. J., July 19, aged 49.

COQUEREL, Athanase Josephe—Eminent as a French Protestant clergyman, and son of the Rev. Athanese Laurent Charles Coquerel. He was born in Amsterdam in 1820. In 1848 he was appointed Protestant chaplain of the College Henri IV, and later of the Chaptal College, which second position he held for twenty years. He was editor of two or three French papers, and author of several books. He was a prominent Free Mason, and was initiated in 1862, and in 1871 visited the United States—France, July 25.

COLLINS, Rev. Charles, D. D.—Of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and formerly president of the Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., of the State Female College of Tennessee, and of Henry College at Abingdon, Va. He declined the presidency of Centenary College, Louisiana, of the Southern University, Greensboro, Ala., and of Central College, Ala., and also twice declined the chancellorship of the University of Missouri.—there, July 1.

DOW, Neal—Born in 1803; and after graduating from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., he took charge of a high school at Augusta, Me. At one time, or about thirty-six years ago, he was editor of the Portland paper known as *The Southern Repository and College Review*—Memphis, Tenn., about July 17, aged 82.

DAVIS, J. R.—Of the firm of William Hepstein & Co. of the India Creek Coal Mine. Suicide by morphine—Indianapolis, Ind., July 20.

EMERY, William C.—Son of the late Thomas Addis Emmett.—New Rochelle, N. Y., July 19, aged 68.

EDWARDS, William L.—Secretary of the Philadelphia Trust and Safe Deposit Company ever since its organization —here, July 23, aged 61.

FORBES, Major William Henry.—An old citizen of St. Paul, Minn., and for several years Indian agent, at Fort Totten, for the Upper Mississippi.—Jamestown, N. D., July 20.

FREDERICKS, George—Secretary of the American Firedetector Company of this city. He was a brother of Fredericks, the well-known Broadway photographer, and was well-known in sporting circles. When the clipper ship Greyhound sailed from here in quest of Louis Baker, for complicity in the Poole homicide, the steamer was taken by the party that went on the search. Suicide by morphine—here, July 21, aged 48.

HEAD, Sir Francis Bond—Formerly Lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada. He was born near Rochester, Eng., on Jan. 1, 1793, and served with the Royal Engineers at Waterloo. His appointment as Lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada was conferred in 1835, and subsequently he was made a Baronet. In 1867 he received the title of Privy Councilor. He was the author of quite a number of works, among them "The Horse and His Rider"—England, July 23, aged 82.

HARRIS, James T.—Telegraph operator at the Sixteenth District Station-house, Philadelphia, in which city he was also a School-director. During the Rebellion he was a member of the Seventy-second Regiment P. V.—that city, July 18, aged 52.

HUBBELL, Gen. Horatio.—Admitted to the Philadelphia bar on Sept. 17, 1831, and soon acquired a large and lucrative practice in both the civil and the criminal courts. His title of "General" came from his connection with the militia in early life as brigadier-general, and during the Philadelphia riots of 1844 he performed conspicuous service in the cause of order. Besides being the author of a number of historical works and numerous essays on scientific and philosophical subjects, he acquired prominence as one of the earliest advocates of a transatlantic submarine telegraph. Suddenly, of apoplexy—Pittsburg, Pa., July 22, aged 76.

JOHNSON, Mrs. Cornelia H. Antoinette—Wife of Dr. Amos Johnson of this city—here, July 18.

LUDLAM, Isaac Ferris—Member of Co. K, Seventh Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., and treasurer of the Nassau Boat Club—this city, July 22, aged 27.

LITTELL, John S.—Brother of Eliakim Littell, and originator of the magazines known as *Littell's Living Age* and *Littell's Museum*. He was also the publisher of "Littell's Law Library," the author of a "Life of Henry Clay," and the editor of Sherwood's Memoirs of his Own Time" —Germantown, Pa., July 11, aged 69.

MCCONVILL, John—A native of Ireland, who came to this country in 1847, opened a drygoods store here, acquired a desirable name for works of benevolence, and amassed a fortune estimated at over a million dollars—Brooklyn, N. Y., July 24, aged 60.

MCCAFFREY, Rev. John J.—A graduate of the Roman Catholic Seminary of Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained as sub-deacon on May 22 last. He was born in 1850 on Staten Island—Clifton, S. I., July 24.

MACY, Charles A.—Of the New York banking house of Corliss, Macy & Co. Many years ago he was president of the New York County Bank, which position he resigned to become cashier of the Park Bank. Later he was in the firm of Howes & Macy, which failed in 1873—this city, July 22, aged 68.

OSBORN, Mrs.—Wife of General F. A. Osborn of Boston, Mass.—there, July 21.

ROBERTSON, James P.—A graduate of the Naval Academy from Pennsylvania in 1851. He was made lieutenant Aug. 7, 1862, and lieutenant-commander July 25, 1868—La Pierre House, Philadelphia, Pa., July 19.

SLOAT, Madison—For many years superintendent of the New York and Harlem Railroad. Subsequently he managed the Vermont Valley Road, and lastly was connected with the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago—Philadelphia, about July 20.

SINGER, Isaac Merritt—Inventor of an improved sewing-machine bearing his name, and from which he realized fully $2,000,000. Originally he was a mechanic in Boston. For several years past he had taken no active part in business, and had resided in England, mainly for his health. It was the second sewing-machine inventor who has died this year, the other having been Lee W. Langdon of Florence, Mass., whose death occurred at Jacksonville, Fla., on Jan. 27 last—London, Eng., July 23, aged 64.

SHAW, Samuel—Son-in-law of the late Hon. Rufus S. King—this city, July 24, aged 52.

STRONG, George Templeton—A wealthy resident of this city, and a lawyer by profession. He was president of the Philharmonic Society and of the Church Musical Association, a trustee of Columbia College, a vestryman of Trinity Church, and Comptroller of the Corporation of that church. Born in this city in 1819—here, July 21.

SHERWOOD, Hon. Henry—Formerly a director of the Erie Railway, and a prominent Democrat before the late war. In 1862 he represented Steuben County in the New York Legislature—Corning, N. Y., July 23.

VALENTINE, Benjamin—A well-known citizen of Williams' Bridge, Westchester County—there, July 18, aged 55.

VAN RENSSELAER, Harriet Bayard—Widow of Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, who was the last of the "Patroons"—Albany, N. Y., July 19, aged 76.

WARE, Henry R.—Formerly Cashier of Salem, N. J., National Bank—that place, July 23.

DISTRICT OF MISSISSIPPI.....A dispatch from St. Louis, Mo., stated that, in a political affray at Skin Bayou, Cherokee Nation, July 18, Sylvester King, William Saunders and Joseph Cody were killed, the latter receiving the contents of seven double-barreled shot-guns.....Louis Fredericks drowned himself at New Haven, Ct.....Paul Letes, aged 18, was accidentally killed on the railroad at Grand Rapids, Mich.....Failures: E. Nutting, stove-manufacturer, Indianapolis, Ind.—liabilities $195,000, assets $150,000; Joshua Gaschell, variety dealer, Exeter, N. H.—liabilities $70,000; George H. Lane & Co., clothiers, Boston, Mass.—liabilities not stated. .....A Swede named H. P. Frost was held for trial upon a charge of robbing and outraging a widow named Jones, aged 70, in West Haven, Ct.....Robert Dunn of this city was drowned in the East River.....The investigation into the disaster on the Southside Railway of Long Island resumed in the jury consuming the company for not employing competent men to operate the road, and exonerating the superintendent and trainmaster.....Michael Feenan, a fireman, was killed by falling from a third-story window in Jersey City, N. J.....Mrs. Sarah C. Merrigan, charged with having murdered Miss Margaret Hammill in Williamsburg, L. I., was released on $5,000 bail.....While preparations were making to test a new fire-extinguisher in Newark, O., a building saturated with coal-oil took fire, an explosion ensued, and Mayor D. C. Winegardner, Hon. J. D. Jones, Street-commissioner Charles Hamilton and a number of others were terribly burned.....A bronze statue of Dr. Horace Wells, the discoverer of anæsthesia, was placed in the Park at Hartford, Ct.....Mrs. Michael Feenan, a fireman, was killed by falling from a third-story window in Jersey City, N. J.....Mrs. Sarah C. Merrigan, charged with having murdered Miss Margaret Hammill in Williamsburg, L. I., was released on $5,000 bail.....While preparations were making to test a new fire-extinguisher in Newark, O., a building saturated with coal-oil took fire, an explosion ensued, and Mayor D. C. Winegardner, Hon. J. D. Jones, Street-commissioner Charles Hamilton and a number of others were terribly burned.....A bronze statue of Dr. Horace Wells, the discoverer of anæsthesia, was placed in the Park at Hartford, Ct.....Mrs. Michael Feenan, a fireman, was killed by falling from a third-story window in Jersey City, N. J.....Mrs. Sarah C. Merrigan, charged with having murdered Miss Margaret Hammill in Williamsburg, L. I., was released on $5,000 bail.....While preparations were making to test a new fire-extinguisher in Newark, O., a building saturated with coal-oil took fire, an explosion ensued, and Mayor D. C. Winegardner, Hon. J. D. Jones, Street-commissioner Charles Hamilton and a number of others were terribly burned.....A bronze statue of Dr. Horace Wells, the discoverer of anæsthesia, was placed in the Park at Hartford, Ct.....

☞ July 21: At a convention of bankers, held at Saratoga, N. Y., resolutions favoring immediate resumption of specie payments were adopted.....Jesse Pomeroy, the Boston boy-murderer, made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from jail.....E. H. Frazer, sentenced for life, was more successful at New Castle, Del.....It was cabled that Alexander and William Colfax, recently held as slaves in Peru, were arraigned at Guildhall, London, Eng., charged with obtaining money on false pretences; that the steamer Abbotsford, from Philadelphia, went ashore in Conception Bay, Wales, and is a total loss; that the ultramontane Baron Loe, and Herr Sigl, editor of *Vaterland*, were suspended sentence for six and nine months.....News was received of the wreck of the Portugese brigantine Farto, at Sable Island, N. S., June 29. Capt. Jose Carlos (one) Dozeida and nine seamen were lost.....Francisco Castilsta losing their lives.....George Klockberger of this city was fatally hurt by being struck on the head with a derrick.....Lewis Wessinger, aged 18, was killed by falling from a warehouse, Grand Rapids, Mich.—loss $40,000, uninsured; thirteen wooden buildings, Dresden, Ont.—loss $25,000.

☞ July 24: An explosion of gas threw down the walls of a burned building in Cincinnati, by which one named Dick Halcomb being killed and several others injured, James McCormick and Lee Slocum fatally, it was thought.....Mrs. Hyatt, a young married woman of Oswego, fell in an epileptic fit near Port Jervis, N. Y., and was burned to death.....It was telegraphed from Utah that John D. Lee's confession, in which he implicates Brigham in the Mountain Meadow massacre is, that thirty Mormons and a large number of Indians decoyed the emigrants from their entrenchments at Mountain Meadows, and murdered all but seventeen children.....Dispatches per cable announced that the Council of Delegates from all the Presbyterian churches in Christendom met in Regent square, London, Eng.; that heavy rains have followed the inundations in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and adjoining counties in England; that 40,000 operatives in Oldham had resolved to work only four days a week; that the general conference in the Lancashire cotton trade was expected; that the Carlists claimed that Gen. Dorregaray had reconcentrated the Carlist army in Navarre; and that the military precautions against a republican rising were being taken in the large cities in Spain; that Russia had officially announced her intention of withdrawing her proposal for a continuance of the Brussels conference; that the Chinese Government proposes to send an embassy to England relative to the murder of Mr. Margary; that the Turkish Government had ordered the Governor of the Province of Bosvia to dispatch troops against the insurgents in Herzegovina; that the Spanish Constitutional Committee received, by a vote of 109 to 57, a section to the new Constitution in opposition to religious liberty; and that Admiral Worden and his officers of the American Squadron were brilliantly entertained at Portsmouth, Eng.—Jamestown, N. Y., July 24.

☞ July 25: Mr. Plimsoll's course in Parliament was indorsed by a meeting at Birkenhead, Eng., at which were present several thousand working men and sailors.....It was announced that the composition of the Lower House of Bavaria is 79 Ultramontanes and 76 Liberals.....It was officially estimated that the floods in France had caused a loss of $15,000,000.....*The Month*, a London publication, in which by the submission of the Catholic clergy to the law for the administration of Church property, the Episcopate has abandoned the principle hitherto maintained, that ecclesiastical matters can only be regulated by means of independent arrangements between Church and State.....While visiting her mother in Dalton, Mass., Mrs. Henry J. Conn, aged 25, was accidentally shot dead by her husband.....The text of Don Carlos' letter to King Alfonso was published, and says that the cruelty of the measures adopted by the Madrid Government is not unprecedented, and will raise up Carlists everywhere. Also that he himself, "who comes to the country to be king of all the Spaniards, allows Carlists to live peacefully within the Spanish territory, and that he is confident of success. "for it is impossible that Spain can flourish under governments of chance,"..... It was reported in Berlin that the Russian Minister at London had asked to be recalled, because Under-secretary Bourke had asserted that Russia had broken her promises with regard to Khiva.....Wm. Ham Beuich committed suicide in the city by taking poison.....A man named Miller, cook of the tugboat Thomas Cornell of this city, was reported to have been thrown overboard and drowned in the Kill von Kull.....Losses by fire: Ingleside, a Summer resort near Springfield, Mass.—loss about $50,000, insured for $20,000; Sproul's block, Waldeborough, Me.—loss $10,000, insured for $4,700.

AQUATIC.

THE JOHNSON-COYLE SWIMMING MATCH.

The Englishman Wins.

It has been a long time since the Delaware River between Philadelphia and Chester presented so animated an appearance as it did on Thursday, July 22, when was decided the well-written-up swimming contest between J. B. Johnson, who won the championship of England several years ago, and Thomas Coyle, a shipbuilder of Chester, whose reputation as a swimmist, prior to this trial, was only local. The match, which, as stated by the articles of agreement, was for one thousand dollars a side, was made early in June last, the sum of $100 a side having been previously placed in our hands, as temporary stakeholder, which amount was subsequently transferred to James Smith of "The Rainbow," Amity street, this city, who was chosen final stakeholder. The day originally fixed for the race was the 16th inst., but it was afterwards mutually agreed to postpone it until the 22d. The interest which the making of the match awakened in the general public, who are familiar with the name and fame of Johnson through his many fish performances in the different waters of the United States, and daily by day with newspaper reports of the work done by the principals in the course of training which each went through at Gloucester, N. J.; and when the day fixed for the race arrived, it had increased to such an extent that not far from thirty thousand people gathered to witness the struggle, about two-thirds of this number being congregated at Gloucester Point, opposite to which was anchored the flag-boat marking the finish, while the greater portion of the remainder occupied positions at Chester, thirteen miles away, from where the start was made about a quarter past five o'clock P. M., on two steamboats and a fleet of tugboats also had their quota of spectators.

The men took the plunge simultaneously, amid the cheers of the onlookers and the screeching of steam whistles, Johnson, with his overhand stroke, head under, shot in front at once, steering a course along the Western or Swash Channel, while his opponent made for the easterly side of the river. Johnson had been a big favorite in the betting; but the surprising way in which Coyle, swimming alternately with breast and side strokes, his body well out, picked him up and took the lead in less than five minutes, caused the layers of odds to hesitate before investing any more money at the same rate; and, as he continued to gain, moving rapidly and gracefully, and giving evidence of greater power than he had been credited with possessing, later on they were willing to bet their spare change at even. The course followed by Coyle, who was piloted by an old fisherman, who, knowing the water thoroughly, guided his charge clear of all eddies, and kept him in that portion where he could receive the greatest benefit from the tide, which was not yet full flood when they started. On the contrary, Johnson held to the western side of the stream, getting out of the strong current and into the slack channel past Tinicum Island, which was reached with the Chester man about a score of yards ahead. They were now out of sight of each other, and Coyle having decidedly the better water, as that of the inner channel was comparatively free from the ebb current, considerably. Thus they went, Coyle having increased his advantage to more than a mile when he passed Billingsport at 3:40, and by this he had a lead of nearly a mile, also being nearly a mile and a half ahead opposite the block-house; but now he began to slow-up, swimming with less vigor than before, and by the time he reached a point midway between the monument and the Red Bank landing, with his opponent about a mile behind, his exhaustion was so manifest that he was taken on board an accompanying small steamer, and, after getting around the point, was provided with brandy, wrapped up in

BASEBALL.

CHICAGO vs. PHILADELPHIA.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE CLIPPER.

PHILA., July 26.

The fourth championship game between the Philadelphias and Chicagos was played here this afternoon in the presence of about a thousand spectators. The Chicagos earned their first two runs by the good batting of Devlin, Hines and Glenn, and made three more runs by errors of Malone, McGeary and Meyerle. The only run of the Phillies was made on safe hits by Addy and Meyerle and a wild pitched ba 1.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	PHILA.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Higham, 2 b	4	0	0	1	3	1	Murnan, c. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Devlin, 1st b	4	2	2	10	0	0	McGeary, 2b.	4	0	0	0	7	1
Hines, c. f.	4	2	1	2	0	0	Addy, r. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Glenn, 1 f.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Meyerle, 1b.	4	0	2	15	0	1
Peters, s. s.	4	0	0	1	5	0	Malone, c.	4	0	0	5	2	3
Hastings, c.	4	0	1	7	1	0	Schaffer, 3b.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Golden, p.	4	0	1	3	1	1	Fulmer, s. s.	3	0	0	3	2	1
Warren, 3d b	4	0	1	3	1	0	Treacy, 1 f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Bielaski, r. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0	Josephs, p.	3	0	0	0	2	1
Totals.	35	5	6	27	11	3	Totals.	32	1	4	27	15	7

Chicago	0	0	0	2	0	0	3	0	0—5
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Runs earned—Chicago, 2. Bases on errors—Chicago, 3. Umpire, N. E. Young. Time, 1h. 35m.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

July thus far has not been so prolific of small-score games as was June, nothing below 2 to 1 having been accomplished up to the 26th. Of the "model games" thus far played in July, however, the St. Louis Club has the best record, they being credited with seven victories marked by scores of nine runs and less, while the Bostons stand next with six, and the Chicago and Hartfords with five, followed by the Mutuals with four, and the Athletics and Philadelphians with three each. During June the model games which marked the championship record were as follows:

June 21, St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, at St. Louis	2 to 0
June 9, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at St. Louis	2 " 1
June 5, St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis	5 " 4
June 16, St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, at St. Louis	5 " 4
June 23, St. Louis vs. Hartford, at St. Louis	7 " 1
June 29, St. Louis vs. Washington, at St. Louis	8 " 2
June 12, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at St. Louis	8 " 2
June 26, St. Louis vs. Washington, at St. Louis	9 " 3
June 15, Philadelphia vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis	4 " 3
June 26, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4 " 3
June 24, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago	5 " 2
June 22, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago	8 " 2
June 8, Philadelphia vs. Washington, at Washington	2 " 1
June 29, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4 " 1
June 26, Hartford vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis	8 " 0
June 22, Hartford vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis	3 " 1
June 24, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	9 " 6
June 17, Boston vs. Hartford, at Boston	4 " 0
June 10, Boston vs. Western, at Keokuk	6 " 4
June 21, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Boston	7 " 1
June 17, Mutual vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis	4 " 1
June 14, Mutual vs. Western, at Keokuk	6 " 5
June 5, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Chicago	6 " 5
June 9, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago	1 " 0
June 8, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago	2 " 1
June 3, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Chicago	8 " 0
June 12, New Haven vs. Hartford, at Providence	2 " 1
June 17, Athletic vs. New Haven, at New Haven	6 " 4
June 1, Washington vs. New Haven, at Washington	8 " 7

By the late of July it is probable that the month's record will exceed that of June in the number of model games played, but thus far June's record of small figures has not been reached.

The full record of championship contests up to July 26, not including the games of that date, is as follows:

CLUBS.	Boston	Athletic	Hartford	St. Louis	Philadelphia	Mutual	Chicago	Atlantic	Red Stocks	Games Won
Boston		1	5	5	5	3	6	5	2	36
Athletic	1		2	0	6	3	2	7	6	25
Hartford	0	2		0	5	3	2	5	7	25
St. Louis	0	1	2		3	3	2	5	7	23
Philadelphia	1	4	1	3		3	3	5	2	22
Mutual	0	1	2	0	4		2	2	3	16
Chicago	1	0	2	3	0	2		2	1	15
New Haven	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		0	2
Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		1
Red Stocking	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Games lost	4	9	15	9	21	21	16	24	28	180

By this table it will be seen that the Athletics once again have the lead of the Hartfords by 25 to 25 victories, and but 9 to 15 of defeats. Taking into consideration the character of the contests which have taken place, the St. Louis record of 20 victories and but 9 defeats is nearly up to the Hartford score of 25 victories and 15 defeats. The Philadelphia Club stands fifth in even games; but the Mutuals and Chicagos are close after them, the Mutuals having taken sixth position again by the last victory over the Chicagos, after standing seventh on the list. The New Havens are evidently improving in their play, and it is fortunate for the Athletics that they ran up seven victories at their expense when the Elm City nine was so weak, as, judging from their recent play, the task would not be so easy. The Bostons have seven games yet to play with the New Havens, and it is not a sure thing that they will win all. The games played in the arena since our last issue are as follows:

July 19, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	7 to 5
July 19, Boston vs. St. Louis, at Boston	7 " 2
July 19, Chicago vs. New Haven, at New Haven	4 " 1
July 19, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	23 " 3
July 20, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	12 " 3
July 20, New Haven vs. Chicago, at New Haven	6 " 1
July 21, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn	16 " 13
July 21, Boston vs. St. Louis, at Boston	6 " 1
July 21, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4 " 1
July 22, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	9 " 3
July 22, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	9 " 3
July 22, Chicago vs. New Haven, at New Haven	4 " 3
July 23, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	6 " 5
July 23, Chicago vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	9 " 2
July 23, Lowell vs. Lowell Juniors, at Lowell	6 " 2
July 24, Boston vs. St. Louis, at Boston	8 " 3
July 24, Hartford vs. New Haven, at New Haven	4 " 3
July 24, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Chicago	8 " 7
July 24, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	11 " 4

ATHLETIC vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The seventh game between the Athletics and Philadelphias was played July 24 upon their grounds, at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, in the presence of about fifteen hundred spectators. The Philadelphias presented a new pitcher in Borden, formerly of the Doerrs, an amateur club of Philadelphia that attained some notoriety a few weeks ago by defeating the Athletics, Borden taking Fisher's place, the engagement of the latter having been canceled by the managers of the Philadelphia club. McBride was sick and unable to play with the Athletics, and Bechtel pitched instead, Anson playing right field and Craver making his reappearance at second base. The game was closely contested the first six innings, the score then standing a tie at three each, the Philadelphias having made their runs by the good batting of McGeary and Borden, and the wild throwing of Clapp, and the Athletics being indebted for their share to a base on called balls given Force, an error of Murnan's, and good batting and base-running by Sutton and Hall. In the seventh inning of the Philadelphias, Treacy and Murnan made safe hits, and, assisted by a wild throw of Clapp's, another run was scored. The Athletics then took the lead, a couple of splendid two-base hits by Force and Fisher earning one run, and errors by Fulmer and Murnan, and base-hits by Hall and Bechtel, allowing three more to be added. The Philadelphias were put out in one-two-three order in the last two innings, while the Athletics scored four more unearned runs, Borden pitching very wildly, and damaging errors being made by Fulmer and Snyder. McGeary and Fisler excelled in both fielding and batting for their respective nines.

PHILA.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Murnan, 2d b	4	0	1	4	3	3	Force, s. s.	5	3	1	1	3	0
McGeary, s. s.	4	1	3	2	5	1	Clapp, c.	5	1	2	10	0	5
Addy, r. f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	Fisler, 1st b.	5	1	2	10	0	0
Meyerle, 1b.	4	0	1	13	0	1	Craver, 2d b.	5	2	0	2	3	1
Fulmer, 3d b	4	0	0	0	1	2	Sutton, 3d b.	5	2	1	0	3	0
McMullin, c. f	4	0	0	1	0	0	Hall, l. f.	5	0	2	2	0	0
Snyder, c.	4	0	0	7	2	1	Bechtel, c.	5	0	1	5	2	0
Treacy, l. f.	4	2	1	2	3	0	Anson, r. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Borden, p.	4	1	1	0	7	1	Eggler, c. f.	5	2	1	1	0	1
Totals.	36	4	7	27	13	21	Totals.	45	11	11	27	9	8

Philadelphia	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	0	0—4
Athletic	0	0	0	1	0	2	4	4	—11

Runs earned—Athletic, 5. First base on fielding errors—Philadelphia, 1; Athletic, 4. Bases on balls—Philadelphia, 1; Athletic, 4. Umpire, George Heubel. Time, 2h. 30m.

ATHLETIC vs. MUTUAL.

The Athletics and Mutuals played their fourth championship game on July 23, on the former's grounds, Philadelphia. Both presented the same nines as in the game of the preceding day, and the same umpire officiated. The game was not so well played, however, as on that occasion, the only excitement noticeable being at the finish, when the Mutuals made a desperate rally at the bat, and came within an ace of tying the score, at least their opponents' score. Force was the first striker in the game, and he was missed on the fly by Booth; and, after Clapp had been given his base on called balls, Anson sent both home by a two-baser to right field, Sutton, who had followed with a fine hit, being caught napping between first and second bases. Bechtel made a run in the second inning on a one-base hit and passed balls by Holdsworth and Hicks, and errors by Hallinan and Matthews, and the good base-running of Sutton and Hall allowed the Athletics to make a couple of more runs in the fifth inning. The Mutuals made their first run in the sixth inning on a passed ball by Hicks, a base on balls by Gerhardt's good hit. In the ninth inning the Athletics scored another run by Gerhardt's very wild throw, while the Mutuals made four runs by good batting, after Eggler had missed a chance of blanking them. Booth made a three-base hit, but was left by a brilliant running catch of Eggler's, who thus redeemed his previous error.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.	MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Force, s. s.	5	1	1	1	5	0	Hallinan, c. f.	5	1	2	2	2	1
Clapp, c.	5	1	1	5	1	0	Start, 1st b.	5	2	1	12	1	0
Fisler, 2d b.	5	0	0	5	2	0	Hallinan, s. s.	6	1	1	0	3	3
Anson, 1st b.	4	0	1	7	0	1	Hicks, c.	5	1	1	5	0	1
Sutton, 3d b.	5	1	3	2	2	2	Gerhardt, 3 b	5	1	3	0	2	2
Hall, l. f.	5	0	2	2	0	0	Booth, r. f.	5	0	2	2	0	0
Bechtel, r. f.	4	1	2	0	0	2	Nelson, 2d b.	5	0	1	1	5	1
McBride, p.	4	0	0	0	1	1	Matthews, p.	4	0	0	1	3	2
Eggler, c. f.	4	0	0	4	1	1	Gedney, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	41	4	10	27	12	7	Totals.	45	6	13	27	16	10

Athletic	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	0—4
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	4—5

Runs earned—None. First base on fielding errors—Athletic, 8; Mutual, 6. Umpire, Wm. McLean. Time, 2h. 10m.

HARTFORD vs. NEW HAVEN.

A rattling good game was played at New Haven, Ct., on Saturday, July 24, between the Hartfords and the greatly improved Elm City professional team, the latter suffering defeat by one run only. The score follows:

HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.	NEW HAVEN.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.
D. Allison, c.	0	2	6	1	3	McKelvey, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Burdock, 2d b.	1	0	5	1	1	Geer, 3d b.	0	0	2	1	1
Carey, s. s.	0	0	1	2	1	Wright, s. s.	0	2	1	4	1
Bond, p.	0	1	0	4	2	McGinley, c.	0	0	4	1	2
York, 1 f.	0	0	2	3	0	Somerville, 2d b.	1	1	5	5	2
Ferguson, 3d b.	0	0	2	1	2	Latham, 1st b.	0	2	1	7	2
Remsen, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Ryan, l. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Mills, 1st b.	1	0	10	0	0	Tipper, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Harbridge, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0	Nichols, p.	0	0	0	4	2
Totals.	4	6	27	11	6	Totals.	3	6	27	16	11

Hartford	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—4
New Haven	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—3

Earned runs—Hartford, 1; New Haven, 2. First base on errors—New Haven, 3; Hartford, 6. Umpire, Thos. Pabor of the Atlantics. Time, 2h. 2m.

TWO RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.—From the appended letter it appears there are two Parks connected with the Washington Club business:

PHILADELPHIA, July 21.

EDITOR OF NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—I noticed in your last issue a communication from L. P. Ressler, concerning myself, in regard to publishing a card in your paper, and of trying to conceal Mr. Bruce's action in using the club's money. In reply, would say, in the first place, my name is not W. S. Parks, as Mr. Ressler well knows, and, further, he was not captain of the Washington nine. The W. S. Parks whom the card came from is scorer of the Nationals of Washington, D. C. I am innocent, and never wrote the card which Mr. Ressler answers. W. R. PARKS.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that the following players have been secured for the new Cincinnati Club: Fields of the late Washington Club, as catcher; Freed of the Reading, Pa., Actives, as pitcher; Snyder and Albertson of the Camden, N. J., Club, as first baseman and second baseman; John Radcliffe, as short-stop; Deescher, as third baseman.

E. HICKS and A. W. Gedney of the Mutual B. B. Club, and Col. Joyce, secretary of the Cincinnati Club, are notified of letters addressed to them in care of this office.

MUTUAL vs. CHICAGO.

The Mutuals played the fourth game of their series with the Chicago Club at Brooklyn, July 24, and, having Zettlein to face, found little difficulty in hitting him for earned runs. He was finely supported in the field, the Chicago nine only being charged with four errors, while the Mutuals played better than they have done for the past three weeks. Indeed, but for the poor throws by Hicks—who otherwise played up to his highest mark—the Whites would not have scored a run in the game. The contest opened with base-hits by the Mutuals, who began to punish Zettlein from the start. Afterwards they took things easy until the sixth inning, when they got in on Zett to the tune of three earned runs and four scored. The Whites got in only one run, and that was by a low throw to second, and another low throw to third. The Chicagos should have tried Golden—he might have been more effective. Some very fine fielding was shown by Warren, Glenn, Peters, and Devlin in their positions, Devlin leading at the bat. On the Mutual side, Hicks' play was tiptop, Gibney leading in the outfield and Start at the bat, the latter batting a model "grounder" in one inning for two bases. The game was well umpired by Clinton.

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsw'h, c. f.	5	1	2	2	0	0	Higham 2d b.	4	0	2	2	2	0
Start, 1st b.	5	1	2	5	0	0	Devlin, 1st b.	5	0	3	13	0	0
Hallinan, s. s.	5	1	1	1	2	3	Hines, c. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Hicks, c.	5	1	2	7	2	3	Glenn, 1 f.	4	0	1	5	0	1
Gerhardt, 3 b.	4	1	1	3	1	1	Peters, s. s.	4	0	0	2	6	1
Booth, r. f.	4	0	1	3	0	0	Hastings, c.	4	0	2	10	2	1
Nelson, 2d b.	4	1	1	3	0	0	Zettlein, p.	4	0	0	1	0	2
Matthews, p.	4	1	1	1	2	0	Warren, 3d b.	4	1	1	0	3	0
Gibney, l. f.	4	0	0	5	1	1	Golden, r. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Totals.	40	7	11	27	9	5	Totals.	36	1	11	27	14	4

Mutual	3	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0—7
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

First base by errors—Mutual, 4; Chicago, 4. Umpire, Mr. Clinton of the Atlantic Club. Time, 1h 55m.

CHICAGO vs. ATLANTIC.

The Chicago White Stockings arrived in town July 23, and on that day played the Atlantics on the Union Grounds in the presence of about two hundred persons. The weather was warm, but there was nothing to attract spectators, as it was dollars to cents that the Chicagos would win, an Atlantic victory under the present management being a novelty, as the record of two games won out of thirty played shows. The Chicagos played a fair game only, Golden proving to be an effective pitcher, as not a run was earned, nor even an average of one base-hit to an inning made. The score below gives the figures:

ATLANTIC.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Fleet, 2d b.	5	0	0	4	5	1	Higham, 2 b.	5	3	1	2	5	0
Cassidy, 1 b.	5	0	1	13	0	0	Devlin, 1st b.	5	0	2	15	2	2
Moore, s. s.	5	0	2	0	5	1	Hines, c. f.	6	1	4	1	0	0
Kessler, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	3	Glenn, 1 f.	6	1	1	1	0	1
Pabor, 1 f.	4	0	0	2	0	0	Peters, s. s.	5	2	0	3	0	1
Nichols, 3d b.	3	0	0	4	3	1	Hastings, c.	5	1	2	7	1	1
Knowdell, c.	3	0	0	4	2	8	Golden, p.	5	1	1	0	4	0
Clinton, p.	3	0	0	0	2	0	Warren, 3d b.	4	1	1	0	2	0
McGee, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	1	Bielaski, r. f.	5	0	2	0	1	0
Totals.	34	2	7	27	15	15	Totals.	45	9	16	27	15	3

Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0—2
Chicago	1	5	0	0	1	0	1	1	0—9

First base by errors—Atlantic, 2; Chicago, 6. Runs earned—Atlantic, 0; Chicago, 4. Umpire, Mr. A. Brainard. Time, 1h. 50m.

LOWELL vs. RESOLUTE.

The Lowell (Mass.) Club attended a surprise party at Portland, Me., Tuesday, July 20, when they intended to show the Portland boys how they play ball in Massachusetts; but found out, instead, how the boys "down East" bat and field. The Lowells have never so near a defeat as in this game, and the next time they go to Portland they will go on something else than a certainty. The game was a sharp one, however, although the Lowells did not field up to their usual standard. Ten innings were played, and the Lowells had begun their eleventh, when Brown, who was on the ball, fell insensible, overcome by heat and travel. The umpire immediately decided the game a draw. The Lowells speak highly of the Resolutes, and assure any club paying them a visit of a hearty welcome and a pleasant time. The score was as follows:

LOWELL.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	RESOLUTE.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.
Woodie, s. s.	0	0	3	2	J. Barnes, 1 f.	0	1	0	0
Doyle, 1 f.	0	0	2	0	Leighton, p.	0	1	0	4
Enrlight, s.	0	2	2	3	Knight, s. s.	1	0	2	3
Pike, 2d b.	0	0	4	4	McGlynn, c.	0	0	9	2
Clay, 1st b.	0	0	13	0	King, 1st b.	0	1	11	2
Smith, p.	0	0	0	0	Deering, r. f.	0	0	1	0
Morrill, c.	0	0	6	2	Ricord, c. f.	0	0	2	0
Cook, c. f.	1	1	0	0	White, p.	0	0	0	2
Foley, p.	0	0	1	3	Canary, 1 f.	0	0	1	0
Totals.	1	3	27	16	Totals.	1	3	27	13

Lowell	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Resolute	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Umpire, G. W. White. Time, 1h. 45m.

BEACON vs. GRAFTON.

The first game between these amateur clubs for the championship of Massachusetts was played at Worcester, July 24, Bigelow of the Yale nine playing on the Grafton nine, contrary to the rules of the State Association. The score:

BEACON.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.	GRAFTON.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Lamb, p.	3	1	3	1	2	Dorgan, s. s.	1	2	3	2	4
Hunt, 1 f.	3	2	2	1	2	Bigelow, 3d b.	0	1	0	3	3
Parker, c.	3	3	3	5	6	Bradley.	2	1	2	5	1
Fuller, 2d b.	0	0	2	3	0	Shattuck.	0	1	0	1	0
L. Mans'ld, 1st b	0	0	11	0	0	Adams.	2	2	0	0	0
T. Mans'ld, c. f.	0	1	1	0	3	Sullivan.	0	0	7	1	5
Skinner, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0	Carpenter.	1	1	1	0	1
Nunn, s. s.	3	3	2	3	4	Brewer.	1	2	0	1	0
Moore, 2d b.	0	2	4	1	0	Salsbury.	1	2	3	2	2
Totals.	13	15	27	17	23	Totals.	8	11	27	14	18

Beacon	0	0	0	5	3	0	2	0	0—10
Grafton	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	1—8

Runs earned—Beacon, 7. Total base-hits—Beacon, 16; Grafton, 14. Bases on errors—Beacon, 10; Grafton, 9. Bases on called balls—Beacon, 1. Umpire, Mr. Knight of Amherst. Time, 2h. 4m.

ST. LOUIS vs. NEW HAVEN.

The most disastrous defeat which the New Haven nine have sustained recently was received at the hands of the visiting St. Louis Browns on the 23d inst., who didn't allow them to make a single run. We present the score:

ST. LOUIS.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.	NEW HAVEN.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Cuthbert, 1 f.	2	2	1	0		McKelvey, r. f.	0	1	0	0	
Pearce, s. s.	1	1	2	2		Geer, 1 f.	0	0	0	0	
Pike, c. f.	1	2	2	0		Luff, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	
Waitt, r. f.	0	1	1	0		McGinley, c.	0	0	3	3	2
Hague, 3d b.	0	1	0	3		Somerville, 2d b.	0	0	3	1	
Bradley, p.	0	0	0	4		Latham, 1st b.	0	1	17		
Battin, 2d b.	1	1	5	4		Wright, s. s.	0	0	2	5	
Dehlman, 1st b.	1	0	13	0		Tippor, cf.	0	0	0	0	
Miller, c.	0	0	1	0		Nichols, p.	0	0	2	3	
Totals.	6	8	27	15		Totals.	0	5	27	18	

St. Louis	2	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0—6
New Haven	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—St. Louis, 1; New Haven, 0. First base on errors—St. Louis, 3; New Haven, 3. Umpire, Harry Wright of Boston.

LOWELL vs. LIVE OAK.

Since the Live Oaks' brilliant record of victories at the late amateur tournament, and the strong games played by them with the Chicagos and St. Louis, Lynn and Lowell nines, they have come to the conclusion that their pet team was invincible, as far as amateurs were concerned; but on Thursday, July 22, the Lowell boys shook them up beautifully, and finally took them into camp by a score of 3 to 2, after the sharpest and best game ever played in Lowell. Brown was still unable to play, on account of illness, although he is improving, and will soon be able to play in his old position behind the bat. The score was as follows:

LOWELL.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.
Hawkes, s. s.	1	1	1	1	Whitney, 2d b.	0	0	2	2
Whitney, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	Madden, 3d b.	0	0	1	3
McGlynn, c.	0	0	9	2	King, 1st b.	0	0	11	2
Ayers, 1st b.	0	0	19	0	Case, s. s.	0	0	1	1
Ricord, c. f.	0	1	2	0	Canary, l. f.	0	1	1	0
Cushman, r. f.	0	0	0	0	St. John, c. f.	0	0	2	0
Totals.	2	5	30	9	Totals.	2	3	30	14

Lowell	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2
Resolute	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Umpire, Jas. Muntrie, Chelsea Club. Time, 2h.

BOSTON vs. ST. LOUIS.

Another contest took place between the Reds and Browns in Boston on Saturday, July 24, the home team securing the victory through superior play in the field.

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.	ST. LOUIS.	R.	1B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	2	1	2	5	0	Cuthbert, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Barnes, 2d b.	2	1	2	2	1	Pearce, s. s.	0	0	1	5	0
Leonard, l. f.	1	1	2	2	0	Pike, c. f.	1	2	2	0	0
Manning, r. f.	0	0	2	0	0	Waitt, r. f.	0	0	1	0	1
McVey, 1st b.	1	0	10	0	0	Hague, 3d b.	0	0	2	2	2
Spalding, p.	1	2	1	3	0	Bradley, p.	0	0	2	0	1
White, c.	1	1	6	0	0	Battin, 2d b.	0	0	1	2	0
Schafer, 3d b.	0	1	1	0	1	Dehlman, 1st b.	1	2	12	1	0
Manning, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Miller, c.	0	0	3	0	2
Totals.	8	8	27	10	4	Totals.	3	9	27	11	11

Boston	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	1—4
St. Louis	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—3

Earned runs—Boston, 1; St. Louis, 1. First base on errors—Boston, 6; St. Louis, 2. Umpire, Wm. Boyd of the Atlantic Club. Time, 2h. 10m.

MUTUAL vs. NOBSCOT.

The Boston Mutuals visited Framingham, Mass., July 24, and after an exciting contest obtained a victory over the Nobscots.

MUTUAL.	I.	R.	1B.	R.	NOBSCOT.	I.	R.	1B.	R.
Gourley, 3d b.		1	2		Given, 3d b.		0	1	0
Brady, s. s.		0	0	2	Chenery, 2d b.		1	0	2
Hicks, p.		2	3	2	Dunn, s. s.		0	1	0
Quinn, 1st b.		0

KATE ARDEEN.

A Legend of the Hudson.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

In the Hudson Highlands, at midnight time
Of the Summer-night, a ghost is seen,
Wandering all night
In her garments white,
And the gossips say: "It is Kate Ardeen.

And this is the tale that the gossips tell—
Whether 'tis true I little wot—
But the maid was fair,
With golden hair,
And lips by the glancing moonbeams kis't.

And this I know; for one night of yore,
When I was younger and life was fair,
I met the maid
Where the moonbeams laid,
Twined and meshed in her golden hair.

Red was her lips, and teeth of pearl
Out through their gates of ruby shone,
And her eyes were bright,
In the shaded light,
Wandering there by the stream alone.

But when my arms would have circled her—
For I was young, and she was fair—
I stood alone
Where the moonbeams shone,
And folded only the empty air.

But there in distance, just out of reach,
With mocking face and eyes of light,
She seemed to stand,
With dimpled hand,
And beckon me through the Summer-night.

And so I followed—I follow still,
Whenever a white hand leads the way,
Though life is old,
And Winter's cold
Has chilled the heat of the Summer-day.

She led me over the brake and bush,
Over the meadow, and through the corn,
But when the day
In its first dim gray
Broke into beauty, she was gone.

And I knew the maid was a thing unreal,
A vision of night, a phantom seen:
But a gossip old,
When the story told
Said: "'Twas the ghost of Kate Ardeen!"

Kate Ardeen—so the gossip said—
Long was the belle of the Highland town,
And tangled there,
In her sheeny hair,
In her hair's rich golden brown,

The heart of many a Highland youth—
And she had lovers, both old and young,
But she whistled them gayly down the wind,
Noble and simple, clerk and hind,
With a trick of her lively tongue.

Little she recked of their wild despair,
She was a woman—a born coquette;
One and another went to the bad,
Not a single feeling she had,
Not a pang of regret.

Thus she reasoned: "Life is a game;
I am but called to play my part;
What if the fools won't understand
I have nothing but a hand—
Not a sign of a heart.

"Who can blame that with hearts I play?
Why should I cease with men to flirt?
Life is not all a Summer's day;
Who don't like it may keep away,
Then they will not get hurt."

So her eyes would grow tender and true,
Like to the eyes of loving maids:
Kindly into a lover's beam,
Strolling down by the Hudson's stream,
Down by the Palisades.

Giving nothing, but taking all.
Ah, poor moths! how she scar'd their wings
When their love would find a voice,
Turning the subject to her choice,
Talking of other things.

Did you say you had seen that maid?
That she is still alive—not dead;
That you knew the girl
By her teeth of pearl,
And her ripe, red lips of red?

Knew by the false light in her eye,
Knew by the gleam of her golden hair,
Heard her call to the passers-by,
Saw her simper, and heard her sigh,
Seeking to slay and snare?

That is another false coquette,
That is another ghost you've seen—
Sheltles dead
In Hudson's bed;
That is not Katie Ardeen.

There is one trouble in such a life,
One which is very hard to learn:
It is easy other hearts to blight,
But in pushing others into the light
We are apt ourselves to burn.

So it was also with Kate Ardeen—
She had no heart, she said, to lose.
Ah! but she little knew that day,
When the right one should come that way,
It were too late to choose.

So when a poet, with poet's eyes,
Looked straight into her inmost soul,
Kate Ardeen forgot to be wise.
Love is a thing of doubts and sighs;
And though she gave the whole

That she had kept from other men,
Still she carried the cold heart,
Flirted and danced as in days of yore,
Strolled just as long on the Hudson's shore,
Showed not a glimpse of heart.

Some men pine when their love proves cold,
Some men linger like love-lorn maids:
He was made of a different stuff,
Wandering there by the Hudson's bluff,
Down by the Palisades.

So, when Kate gave a glance of scorn,
Hiding the fire within her breast,
He was careless, and calm, and cool—
What is nobody's love born fool,
Flirted and danced with the rest—

Looked for another with poet's eyes,
Chose the best of the girlish band,
Sailed away with his new-made prize,
Whether it were or were not wise,
Married her out of hand.

Whether her heart within the snare
Struggled and broke from her lover's scorn,
Whether she found it hard to bear,
Certain it is, that sweet and rare
Katie Ardeen was gone.

Vainly they sought for her night and day,
Dragged the river and scanned the shore
Down to the Tappan sea and bay,
Searched the stream where the vessels lay;
Katie was found no more.

Whether her body, bleeding and torn,
Sank at last in some quiet nook,
Whether by wind and water borne,
Floated she on the tide of morn
Out apast Sandy Hook

Into the ocean, we may not know;
But it is sure that her restless ghost
Haunts the river, and to and fro
Wanders at night, where lovers go,
Down by the river's coast.

This is the legend that haunts the place;
Whether 'tis true, I little weet.
This I know—when the moonlight's trace
Flecks the rocks, you may see a face,
Beautiful Kate Ardeen.

See a face with its starry eyes,
Set in a frame of golden hair;
See a form that flits to and fro,
Sometimes beckoning you to go,
Form of a beauty rare.

Try to clasp her—an empty space
Fills your arms with the viewless air.
Vanish the beautiful form and face,
Vanish, leaving no sign or trace,
But a gleam of golden hair.

Mocking laughter rings through the night,
Hollow tones of a vain regret,
Tones which carry a chilling blight,
Tones that sound of a wild affright—
This is the dead coquette.

Sometimes down by the river's bend,
Loaving the grass with unbent blades,
Tripp ng lightly, her footsteps tend
Out to the rocky shores, and end
Over the Palisades.

Follow her not—there is danger there—
There is at most but a deep regret,
"Heaven preserve," be your constant prayer,
"Keep me safely out of the snare
Of a living or dead coquette."

Beckoning ever with dimpled hands,
Warning ever both men and maids,
There in the moonlight chill she stands,
There by the river's gleaming sands,
Down by the Palisades.

ETCÆTERA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY CHARLES H. DAY,
AUTHOR OF "FUN IN BLACK."

"By industry we thrive"—industry is always to be recommended in others. "Labor is honor"—for other folks, as for ourselves. Give us less labor and less honor. The little busy bee, so happily spoken of in the charming poem, employed each "shining hour;" but the newsboy who runs on the train on the Grand Trunk from Richmond to Quebec outdoes the bee, for he wakes up the sleeping passengers and invites them to purchase prize-packages. No English tourist has as yet written a letter to *The London Times* about this flagrant outrage; but it is about time that "The Thunderer" should be called to assist in crushing that boy.

THE NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE.

The newly married couple are now on their bridal "tower"—they are doing the Canadas. They arrived at the American House, Montreal, the other day, and were shown to their room. In less than two minutes they rang the bell and sent down for the hotel-comb; clerk sent it up. Arriving at Quebec, they had occasion to see the Wolfe and Montcalm monument, and thought it was strange that they should set up a monument for a wolf. The day was exceedingly hot, and the spot distant from the town. Bride wished he had fell nearer town. Boy wished to sell them a guide to the St. Lawrence. Bridegroom said he'd rather go the keas—he wouldn't be grazed in the St. Lawrence by anyone." You have no difficulty in recognizing the newly-married couple—they are as loving as twin-calves.

WHAT WHITELAW REID TOLD THE REPORTER.

An old schoolmate of ours relates the following of Whitelaw Reid, "the young editor of the tall tower." A derelict reporter, on being summoned into the presence of the successor of the late lamented Horace Greeley, apologized for his shortcomings by a series of ingenious excuses, when he was interrupted with:

"*The Tribune* does not want excuses, sir—it wants news!"

A SYMPATHIZING LANDLORD.

Every few days some poor fellow, wearied of life, the Beecher trial and "crooked whiskey," rents a room for the night and gratefully furnishes the journalist a first-class item by blowing out his brains. This experiment was successfully tried the other day in a Down-East town. As a suicide it was a success; but the landlord was led to remark:

"Why couldn't he just as well have taken pizen as to go and bloody up everything in the room?"

It is hoped that those aspiring to shuffle off this mortal coil before their time will take this matter into consideration, and thereby oblige hotel-keepers, and vary the monotony of premature departures.

THE PURITAN SABBATH.

If you have lived in New England, you will always recall with pride the strict observances of Sunday. Long before the "first bell," the young men have passed by to their devotions—with fishing-poles. Mrs. Jones is very busy getting the children off to Sunday-school, while Jones is nailing a board on the hog-pen. Having finished which, he will wash the wagon and oil the harness. He has been so busy-sitting around the fire in the grocery—the past week! Mrs. Jones, with motherly pride and admiring eye, watches her children out of sight, remarking:

"Now that I've got the young ones packed off, I'll finish that novel."

A TRAVELING NUISANCE.

He enters the cars—leaving the door open—occupies two seats, throws open the windows, and gives everybody the benefit of the draft and dust, enters into an argument with the conductor, threatens to bite off the head of the train-newsboy every time he is approached, berates the road and its management to timid old lady seated back of him, assures her that the bridges are as rotten as punk, asserts that he should not be surprised any day to hear of the most terrible accident—in fact, a whole train wrecked, with its living freight. This is so cheering to the old lady, and puts her in the best of humor, her amiable temper, engendered thereby, making her a welcome guest at the home of her son-in-law, who, in his first great joy to greet her, asks:

"How long are you going to stay, and when are you going back?"

Her original intention was to limit her stay to a fortnight; but every time she recurs to the possibility of a railroad accident, so indelibly impressed upon her mind by her late fellow-traveler, she determines to remain another week, and make her son-in-law doubly glad. After being quartered on the "young folks" for six weeks, she detects her son-in-law searching the paper for an advertisement headed "Divorces secured without publicity."

A MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

He was the first Selectman of the town, and was engaged in bagging apples in the barn, when he was approached by the circus-agent with the inquiry if he would grant a license for "The North and South American Circus, European Menagerie and World's Museum."

"No," was the emphatic answer in a vinegary tone. We don't want no sarcus to come to this ere place. There's Cale Platt—he's a charge to the town. It warn't any later than yesterday that I gin his wife a town-order on Skinner's store for ten pound of flour, two ounces of tea and a pound of sugar; an' I'll bet, if the sarcus was to come here—but it won't—he'd be the first man at the ticket-wagin with his fifty cents."

"Then no argument will change your determination," meekly interceded the *avant-courier*.

"Might just as well talk to a rock, Squire. When I say anything in this town, that settles it; an' you might keep right on talking from now till Christmas. I'd still hold to the determination that, as long as I'm a member of this board of s'ackmen, there shan't be no sarcus in Grassgreen."

The circus-agent stood riveted to the spot in his disappointment, but the farmer-officeholder went right on bagging apples, putting all the mean, warty, contemptible little fruit at the bottom of the bags, and the great, large, rosy-faced, luscious fellows on top.

"You are immovable?" said the circus-agent after a short pause.

"Won't budge an inch," replied the Selectman; whereupon the disappointed agent went sadly and slowly down the lane, the farmer giving him a fare-well clincher: "I'm tetotally and conscientiously opposed to sarcuses, and there shan't be any in this town."

As the agent was lost to view, the man with a conscience went on putting the little apples at the bottom of the bags, and the big ones on top.

CIVILIZATION AND THE MODERN PRIZE-RING.

The pious daily has lost one of its most popular themes, now that it is no longer able to moralize on the brutality of the bruiser. Time has elevated the roped arena since the days in which "Yankee" Sullivan, Tom Hyer and the Hon. John Morrissey "shied their castors." Then they fought hard, and "the best man won." They went at it hammer-and-tongs, and "meant business" until one or the other was "knocked out of time," or his seconds "threw up the sponge" when his chances for victory were lost forever. That is not the way it is done of late. They have a new-fangled improvement—a code of prize-fighting made easy. A bellicose challenge is issued and replied to in bombastic strain, a lengthy correspondence ensues, serving as a gratuitous advertisement for the contestants, who, having completed their war of words, set out on a tour exhibiting their skill, and browse all the year through on bumble-glove. This is followed with more or less profit for three months. At length the day of battle comes, the partisans of the pugs are on hand, and likewise the reporter with his lead-pencil. The preliminaries are quickly arranged, the umpire amicably settled upon, and the pugilists shaking hands, impatiently await the call of "time." No; that is the old-fashioned way—that was the Sullivan-Hyer-Morrissey manner of doing the thing—that's old style. A long discussion ensues as to who is to be the final stakeholder. For the fourth hour neither party can be brought to agree upon anyone. Another quarter hour of "chin-music" and a party who will be agreeable to both parties is nominated to hold the money, when one of the "backers" gives notice that he will sue for his money in any event. The match is now "off." The disappointed reporters hasten back to town without having even blunted the points of their pencils. The editors of the illustrated sensation sheets put away their stock cuts, which serve to illustrate every "mill" that transpires. No sooner are the beligerents miles away from each other, than they hurl defiance in a series of cards, and become as bosom friends. The only thing which prevents them from eating each other up is the intervening distance. Now, the most stupid reader must see what a vast improvement there is in the modern ring. Time was when someone used to get hurt; you never hear nowadays of anyone receiving the slightest injury. Why, a boy can put may challenge Goliah and come to no bodily harm. The classic language of the ring is rendered obsolete from disuse—there is no more "claret shed," "one for his gob," "sockdologer," "rib-roaster," "optic-closer," "knowledge-box," "smeller," and so forth. The pug of to-day fights his battle with his mouth and the ink-bottle, and "comes up smiling every time." The ring has become refined, and has lost all of its repulsive features. The most sensitive may attend a "mill" without the slightest danger of witnessing bloodshed, for you never see a modern disciple of the manly art of self-defense with as much as a black eye; and as for brokon noses, they are entirely out of fashion, and not worn this year.

OLD LONDON FAIRS.

During the year 1701 the London Fairs were attended by a remarkable Dutch boy, about eight or nine years of age, whose eyes presented markings of the iris in which sharp-sighted persons, aided perhaps by a considerable development of the organ of wonder, read certain Latin and Hebrew words. In order to the observer read, or was persuaded that he could read, the words *Deus meus*; in the other, in Hebrew characters, the word *Elohim*. The boy's parents, by whom he was exhibited, affirmed that his eyes presented these remarkable peculiarities from his birth. Great numbers of persons, including the most eminent physiologists and physicians of the day, went to see him; and the learned, who examined his eyes with great attention, were as far from solving the mystery as the crowd of ordinary sight-seers. Some of them regarded the case as an imposture, but they were unable to suggest any means by which such a fraud could be accomplished. Others regarded it as "almost" supernatural, a qualification not easy to understand. The supposed characters were probably natural, and only to be seen as Roman and Hebrew letters by imaginative persons, or those who viewed them with the eye of faith. Whatever their nature, the boy's sight was not affected by them in the slightest degree.

The "Harlein Collection" contains the following announcement of a performing horse:

"To be seen at the Ship, upon Great Tower Hill, the famous English horse in the world, that fetches and carries like a spaniel dog. If you hide a glove, handkerchief, a door-key, a pewter basin, or so small a thing as a silver twopence, he will seek about the room till he has found it, and then he will bring it to his master. He will also tell the number of spots on a glean handkerchief through a hoop; with a variety of other curious performances."

Powell, the famous puppet-showman mentioned in *The Spectator*, in humorous contrast with the Italian Opera, never missed Bartholomew Fair, where, however, he had a rival in Crawley, two of whose bills have been preserved in the "Harleian Collection." Pinkethman, another "motion-maker," as the exhibitors of those shows were called, and also mentioned in *The Spectator*, introduced on his stage the divinities of Olympus ascending and descending to the sound of music. Strutt, who says that he saw something of the kind at the above-named fair in 1760, thinks that the scenes and figures were painted upon a flat surface and cut out, like those of a boy's portable theatre, and that motion was imparted to them by clock-work. This he conjectures to have been the character also of the representation, with moving figures, of the camp before Troy, which was exhibited in the reign of Anne, in the Strand, opposite the Globe Tavern, near Hungerford Market.

James Miles promised his visitors that they should see "a young woman dance with the swords up upon a ladder, surpassing all her sex." Nineteen different dances were performed in this show, among which he mentions a "wrestler's dance" and vaulting upon the slack-rope. Respecting this dancing with swords, Strutt says that he remembered seeing "at Flockton's a much noted bull-wrestler, and a chimney-sweeper girl about eighteen or twenty years of age, who came upon the stage with four naked swords, two in each hand; when the music played she turned round with great swiftness, and formed a great variety of figures with the swords, holding them overhead, down by her sides, behind her, and occasionally she thrust them in her bosom. The dance generally continued ten or twelve minutes; and when it was finished, she stopped suddenly, without appearing to be in the least giddy from the constant reiteration of the same motion."

The sword-dance was performed upon a tight ladder, which the performer shifted from place to place, ascended and descended, without permitting it to fall. It was practiced at Sadler's Wells at the commencement of the last century, and revived there in 1760. Strutt thought it originated in the still-dance, which appears from an illumination of the reign of Henry III, to have been practiced in the thirteenth century.

In 1708, the first menagerie seems to have appeared at Bartholomew Fair, where it stood near the hospital gate, and attracted considerable attention. Sir Hans Sloane cannot be supposed to have missed such an opportunity of studying animals little known, as he is said to have constantly visited the fair for that purpose, and to have retained the services of a draughtsman for their representation.

The first menagerie in England was undoubtedly that which for several centuries was maintained in the Tower of London, and the beginning of which may be traced to the presentation of three leopards to Henry III by the Emperor of Germany, in allusion to the heraldic device of the former. Several royal orders are extant which show the progress made in the formation of the menagerie, and furnish many interesting particulars concerning the animals. Two of these documents, addressed by Henry III to the sheriffs of London, have reference to a white bear. The first, dated 1253, directs that fourpence a day should be allowed for the animal's subsistence; and the second, made the following year, commands that "for the keeper of our white bear, lately sent us from Norway, and which is in our Tower of London, ye cause to be had one muzzle and one iron chain, to hold that bear without the water, and one long and strong cord, to hold the same bear when fishing in the river of Thames."

Other mandates, relating to an elephant, were issued in the same reign, in one of which it is directed "that ye cause, without delay, to be built at our Tower of London, one house of forty feet long and twenty feet deep, for our elephant; provided that it be so made and so strong that, when need be, it may be fit and necessary for other uses." We learn from Matthew Paris that this animal was presented to Henry by the King of France. It was ten years old and ten feet in height. It lived till the forty-first year of Henry's reign, in which year it is recorded that, for the maintenance of the elephant and its keeper, from Michaelmas to St. Valentine's Day, immediately, before it died, the charge was nearly seventeen pounds—a considerable sum for those days.

Many additions were made to the Tower menagerie in the reign of Edward III; and notably a lion and lioness, a leopard, and two wild cats. The office of keeper of the lions was created by Henry VI, with an allowance of sixpence a day for the keeper, and a like sum "for the maintenance of every lion or leopard now being in his custody, or that shall be in his custody hereafter." This office was continued until comparatively recent times, when it was abolished with the menagerie, a step which put an end likewise to the time-honored hoax, said to have been practiced upon country cousins, of going to the water-side, below London Bridge, to see the lions washed.

The building appropriated to the keeping and exhibition of the animals was a wide, semicircular edifice, in which were constructed, at distances of a few feet apart, a number of arched "dens," divided into two or more compartments, and secured by strong iron bars. Opposite these cages was a gallery of corresponing form, with a low stone parapet, and approached from the back by a flight of steps. This was appropriated exclusively for the accommodation of the royal family, who witnessed from it the feeding of the beasts, and the combats described by Mr. Ainsworth in the romance which made the older portions of the Tower familiar ground to so many readers.

The menagerie which appeared in Smithfield in 1708, and the ownership of which has been undiscovered, was a very small concern, but, with the showman's knowledge of the popular love of the marvelous, was announced as a "Collection of Strange and Wonderful Creatures," which included "the Noble *Cassoware*, brought from the Island of Java in the East Indies, one of the strangest creatures in the universe, being half a Bird and half a Beast, reaches 16 hands High from the Ground, his Head is like a Bird, and so is his Feet, he hath no hinder Claw, Wings, Tongue nor Tail; his Body is like the Body of a Deer; instead of Feathers, his forepart is covered with Hair like an Ox, his hinder-part with a double Feather in one quill; he Eats Iron, Steel, or Stones; he hath 2 Spears grows by his side."

There is now no difficulty in recognizing this strange bird as the cassowary, the representative in the Indian islands of the ostrich. There was also a leopard from Lebanon, an eagle from Russia, a "possoun" (opossum?) from Hispaniola, and, besides, a "Great Mare of the Tartarian Breed," which "had the Honour to be show'd before Queen Anne, Prince George, and most of the Nobility," a little, black, hairy *Monster*, bred in the *Desarts of Arabia*, a natural Ruff of Hair about his Face, walks upright, takes a Glass of Ale in his Hand and drinks it off; and doth several other things to admiration." This animal was probably a specimen of the maned colobus, a native of the forests of Sierra Leone, and called by Pennant the full-bottomed monkey, in allusion to the full-bottom periwig of his day.

A pamphlet was published in 1710 with the title *The Wonders of England*, purporting to contain "Doggett and Penkethman's dialogue with Old Nick on the suppression of Bartholomew Fair," and accounts of many strange and wonderful things; but it was a mere "catch-penny," as such productions of the Monmouth street press was called, not containing a line about the suppression of the fair, and the title, as Horace Walpole says, from the showmen's painted cloths in the fair, pictures monsters not visible within."

The lesser sights of a fair in the first quarter of the eighteenth century are graphically delineated by Gay, in his character of the ballad-singer in "The Shepherd's Week," bringing before the mind's eye the stalls, the lotteries, the mountebanks, the tumblers, the rope-dancers, the raree-show, the puppets, and "all the fun of the fair."

"How custard stalls with clattering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maide.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass knives, scissors, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treats the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his agua spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding, in his party-colored jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets picked in crowds, and various cheats."

A description of the last May Fair was given in 1774, in a communication from Carter the antiquary to *The Gentleman's Magazine:*

"A mountebank's stage," he tells us, "was erected opposite the Three Jolly Butchers' public-house (on the east side of the market area, now the King's Arms). Here Woodward, the inimitable comedian and Harlequin, made his first appearance as Merry Andrew; from these humble boards he soon afterwards made his way to Covent-garden Theatre. Then there was 'bobbing of pigs.' In a cock-shed attached to a grocer's shop (then Mr. Frith's, now Mr. Frampton's) one of these mock executions was exposed to the attending crowd. A shutter was fixed horizontally, on the edge of which, after many previous ceremonies, a puppet laid its head, and another puppet instantly stepped in with a hatchet.

In a circular staircase window, at the north end of Sun Court, a similar performance took place by another set of puppets. In these representations, the late punishment of the Scottish chieftain (Lord Lovat) was alluded to in order to gratify the feelings of southern loyalty at the expense of that farther north.

"In a fore one-pair room, on the west side of Sun Court, a Frenchman submitted to the curious the astonishing strength of the 'strong woman,' his wife. A blacksmith's anvil being procured from White Horse street, with three of the men, they lifted it up and placed it on the floor. The woman was short, but most beautifully and delicately formed, and of a most lovely countenance. She first let down her hair (of a light auburn), of a length descending to her knees, which she twisted round the projecting part of the anvil, and then, with seeming ease, lifted the ponderous weight some inches from the floor. After this, a bed was laid in the middle of the room; when, reclining on her back, and uncovering her bosom, the husband ordered the smiths to place thereon the anvil, and forge upon it a horse-shoe! This they obeyed by taking from the fire a red-hot piece of iron, and with their forging hammers completing the shoe, with the same might and indifference as when in the shop at their constant labor. The prostrate fair one appeared to endure this with the utmost composure, talking and singing during the whole process; then, with an effort which to the bystanders seemed like some supernatural trial, cast the anvil from off her body, jumping up at the same moment with extreme gayety, and without the least discomposure of her dress or person. That no trick or collusion could possibly be practiced on the occasion was obvious, from the following evidence: The audience stood promiscuously about the room, among whom were our family and friends; the smiths were utter strangers to the Frenchman, but known to us; therefore, the several efforts of strength must have exceeded human, or natural and surprising power this foreign dame was possessed of. She next put her naked feet on a red-hot salamander without receiving the least injury; but this is a feat familiar with us at this time.

"Here, too, was 'Tiddy-doll.' This celebrated vender of gingerbread, from his eccentricity of character and extensive dealings in his way, was always hailed as the king of itinerant tradesmen. In his person he was tall, well-made, and his face handsome. He affected to dress like a person of rank; white gold-laced suit of clothes, lace-ruffled shirt, laced hat and feather, white silk stockings, with the addition of a fine white apron. Among his harangues to gain customers, take this as a specimen: 'Mary, Mary, where are you now, Mary? I Mary, when at home, at the second house in Little Ball street, two steps underground, with a wisecum, risecum, and why not? Walk in, ladies and gentlemen; my shop is on the second floor backwards, with a brass knocker at the door. Here's your nice gingerbread, your spice gingerbread; it will melt in your mouth like a red-hot brickbat, and rumble in your inside like Punch and his wheelbarrow.' He always finished his address by singing this fag-end of some popular ballad: 'Ti-tid-dy, ti-ti, ti-tid-dy, ti-ti, ti-tid-dy.' Then he would sing, 'Lol, fol, ti-tid-dy, ti-tid-dy, ti-ti, tid-dy, tid-dy, dol.' Hence arose his nickname of 'Tiddy-doll.'"

In Hogarth's picture of the execution of the idle apprentice at Tyburn, Tiddy-doll is seen holding up a cake of gingerbread, and addressing the crowd in his peculiar style, by continuing a song with the foregoing description. His proper name was Ford, and so well known was he that, on his once being missed for a week from his usual stand in the Haymarket, on the unusual occasion of an excursion to a country fair, a "catch-penny" account of his alleged murder was sold in Seven-dials streets. In the year 1721, as appears from a paragraph in *The London Journal* of May 27, "the ground on which May Fair formerly stood is marked out for a large square, and several fine streets and houses are to be built upon it."

Thomas Wombwell, a relative of Jeremiah Wombwell, proprietor of Wombwell's Menagerie, writes us under date of July 19 that some errors are noticeable in a sketch of that menagerie published in our issue dated July 17. We excerpt from his letter the following: "Wombwell began his career by exhibiting a snake and a monkey, which he carried on his back from town to town. He saved his money until he saw a chance for speculation, and then invested; pursuing this course until, as a wild beast merchant, he was considered at the head of that business. His monopoly No. 1 was never divided. He got up entirely independent of that, and of each other, Nos. 2 and 3. Mr. Wombwell traveled with No. 1, Mrs. Edmunds was manageress of No. 2, and George Wombwell, his nephew, was manager of No. 3; and the latter menagerie was left to him instead of to Mr. Day, with whom he was related to the family. He owned a menegerie after No. 3 was taken off the road. Mr. Fairgrieve did not succeed Mrs. Edmunds in the proprietorship of Menagerie No. 2—he was simply the manager."

A LAWYER'S CRITICISM UPON SHAKESPEARE.

I own that I never perused my chief favorite, "The Merchant of Venice," without a mixture of melancholy, to think that it has so many faults, and in particular that the distress of Antonio chiefly upon embarassments with which no lawyer can seriously sympathize. There are several striking flaws in this drama. In the first place, Antonio's difficulties arise entirely from his gross oversight in not effecting an insurance upon his various argosies. He should have opened a set of policies at once upon the Rialto, where marine insurance was perfectly well understood, and where the brokers would have got him fifty names in a forenoon to any extent upon ship, freight or cargo, lost or not lost. This prudential step would have given a totally different turn to the whole affair.

When he was about to help Bassanio with three thousand ducats for three months, he could have easily raised the money at four per cent. on a security of an assignment of the policy. Shylock says of him: "Antonio is a good man, yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies. I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves—I mean pirates; and then there is the perils of waters, winds and rocks." Now, these are the very risks which the contract of insurance is intended to cover, as clearly explained in Marshall and other writers, and as expressed in the following clause, inserted in all policies: "Touching the adventures and perils which the said assurers are contented to bear, and do take upon them in this voyage, they are of the seas—men-of-war, fire enemies, pirates, rovers, thieves, jetsons, etc., barratry of the master or mariners, and of all other perils, losses, and misfortunes that have or shall come to the hurt, detriment or damage of the said goods or merchandises, and ship or vessel." With this precaution, Antonio's means would have been no longer in supposition, but in certainty, and as good as hard cash, under deduction merely of premium of insurance. Finally, when intelligence was received of Antonio's argosies being wrecked, it is plain that he might in the circumstances have at once abandoned to the underwriters and claimed for a total loss. It is painful to see so many amiable characters involved in griefs and difficulties which this simple and natural expedient would have obviated.

My feelings at this reflection are something akin to those of a very susceptible medical friend, who declares that he can never sit out "Romeo and Juliet," from a thought that a judicious use of the stomach-pump in the last scene would remove all the distress, and make two lovers happy.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FIRE-ENGINE THROWING—"CRESCENT" RESPONDS TO "JUSTICE."

NEW ORLEANS, July 19, 1875.

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ.—DEAR SIR.—In the last issue of THE CLIPPER there appeared an article in relation to fire-engine throwing, over the signature of "Justice," which I propose to answer. My company—Crescent No. 24—has an engine built by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co., which has made the remarkable throw of 320 feet 9 inches through one hundred feet of hose, 1⅛-inch nozzle, and upon said throw we received the champion horns. Now, for the information of Mr. Justice, I will state that the trials of fire-engines in this city are measured from the nozzle and not from the centre of the pump, as he supposes, and our trials are always in public and witnessed by thousands of people, perhaps from all parts of the country. In our department we have Amoskeag, Gould and Jeffrey engines, but I do not propose to discuss the merits of either of them. Our company has had a rotary, built by Mr. Silsby, but we have replaced her by an Amoskeag, of which build we have now two engines. Now, Mr. Justice says he will not believe that any such throw has been made until he hears of its being done outside of New Orleans. I will reply by merely stating to him that it is immaterial to us whether he believes it or not, as we consider that he is very poorly posted in relation to engine trials, as we have the records of several large throws which were made in other parts than both the Gould and Amoskeag engines. Hoping you will give this a place in your valuable journal, I remain

Yours, etc., CRESCENT.

And here is another communication from Texas on the subject. It will be seen that it gives the figures of a different performance from that mentioned above, and thus endorses THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, July 20, 1875.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR: In reply to an article in your paper of July 17, signed "Justice," I will state for the gentleman's benefit that, although we may have some Amoskeag and some Jeffreys engines in New Orleans, we have at least one second-class Gould engine, viz., Eagle No. 7. I was present at the time the throw of 320ft. 7in. was made. It was made through 100ft. hose and 1⅛in. nozzle, and was measured from end of nozzle to end of solid stream. Inasmuch as the company made some money and a pair of fine horns by making the above throw, I have no doubt they would be willing to do the same thing again.

Yours, EX-N. O. FIREMAN.

THOSE CIRCUS-BILLS.

AN AGED FEMALE ACROBAT CONFUSES A MODEST YOUNG MAN.

She had one in her hand as she came upstairs, and she didn't say a word until after she had wiped her spectacles, placed them on her nose, unfolded the bill and read a few of the headlines. She was old-fashioned in look. There were strings to her bonnet, she had no bustle, her gray hair was combed down smoothly, and there were only eleven yards in her black alpaca dress.

"Young man, don't you know that circuses are awful big liars and humbugs?" she finally inquired.

The man at the table leaned back in his easy-chair and refused to express an opinion.

"Well, I know it," she continued in a positive tone, "and I believe that they get wuss every day. Now, see here—listen to this: 'A gorgeous panorama of amazing wonders—a gigantic combination of astonishing acrobatic talent.' That's all right on the poster, but hev they got 'em? I'd just like to see one of them animals."

"You're laboring under a mistake, madam. It means a grand display of natural curiosities, and informs the public that the proprietor has secured many first-class acrobats—the chaps who stand on their heads, turn head over heels, and cut up so many monkey-shines."

"It does, eh?" she mused. "Waal, do you believe that it takes a smart person to keel over?"

"Well, one has to have a good deal of training."

"They do, eh?" she remarked, as she put her umbrella in the corner and spit on her hands. "I'll show you that you are deceived; I'm an old woman, but if I can't—"

"Madam, hold on; don't do it!" exclaimed the man behind the table.

"I can flop right over there and never shake my bonnet," she said as she rose up.

"I know you can, madam, but don't. I am here alone, and I—I don't want you to. I'd rather you wouldn't. If you are determined on it, I shall certainly leave the room!"

"Well, you know I can do it, and that's enough. You may be right about what that means, but see here, hear this: 'The highways ablaze with resplendent chariots—the grandest pageant on earth.' I've been to lots of circuses, young man, and I never saw a pageant yet. If they had one, the door of his cage wasn't open."

"You are also in error there. The bill refers to the fact that the great number of wagons, chariots, etc., make up a sight worth seeing as they pass along the street."

"Um-m-m," she muttered as she folded the bill over. "I don't see why they couldn't have said so, then. And now see here—read that: 'Sig. Govinoff, in his aerial flights.' Now, then, is that a boa-constrictor or a cundurango?"

"It's a man, madam—one of the performers. His real name is probably Jones; but that isn't grand enough, and so they put him down as 'Sig. Govinoff.' He is the man who jumps off a rope, turns over twice, and comes down all right."

"He is, eh? Well, if he's got an idea that he's the smartest man alive, I want to disappoint him. I never did try to turn over twice, but I'll do it right here, and now, or break my neck! Git the things off'n that table."

"Stay, madam—don't. I wouldn't have you do it for fifty dollars."

"Just once!"

"For Heaven's sake, madam, get down off'n this table—here—here's a dollar, if you won't do it!"

"I don't want your money, and I won't try it if you're scart; but I don't want no circus going around talking about ayral flights and deceiving the people."

She sat down, the young man wiped the sweat off his brow, and presently she remarked:

"And here's another thing, right here: 'A sparkling asterick, flashing across the field of the cloth of gold—Mons. Gomeribue in his great delineation of human character.' I'd like to know who she is."

"Madam, that's a man—a man who delineates character."

"How?"

"Why, he makes up faces—expresses mirth, sorrow, joy, and so forth."

"He does, eh? Well, what's that to blow about? Make up faces—see here!"

And she shut her eyes, ran her tongue out, and looked like the bottom of a brass kettle which had been kicked in by a mule.

"They are humbugs, sir!" she said as she drew her tongue in; "and d'ye 'spose I'd pay fifty cents to go to one?"

"They are quite entertaining, as a general thing."

"They are, eh? Entertaining, eh? Well, if I can't do more entertaining in five minutes than a circus can do all day I'll leave my bonnet up here. Here, hold on to this chair."

"Madam, I earnestly hope you are not going to perform any tricks."

"I hain't, eh? You just hold on to the legs of this chair!"

"I can't, madam—I wouldn't do it for all the diamond pins in Syracuse! Go away, madam—go home! I'm in an awful hurry!"

"Well, I won't, then; but when I say circuses are humbugs I can prove it. I don't keer two cents for their big words, and this panoplies, pageants, asterisks, giraffes, aryals, georgouses and orang outrungs—I can beat 'em all holler myself!"

And she took off her spectacles, lifted her umbrella, and went down stairs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN ELEPHANT FIGHT IN INDIA.

A correspondent of THE CLIPPER, writing from Calcutta under date of June 12, favors us with the following account of a battle between elephants which occurred at Baroda, India, a few days before; and as this species of sport is unknown to our readers, the article will be found interesting:

At last the elephant fight, which was subjected to so many postponements, took place June 4. Sir Madhava Rao arranged to have carriages sent into camp for those invited, and by 4 P. M., which was the hour fixed, a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen had assembled. Enter, laumeah of this description, particularly ugly fight, have, for some years past, been a weekly occurrence in the Gaekwars diary. This entertainment, which was the first of its kind during the reign of the present Gaekwar, created no little sensation. From an early hour in the afternoon the streets through the city to the elephant stables were thronged by gayly-dressed crowds hastening on to the *tamasha*. It was impossible on this account for any one to allow his carriage to go at any pace quicker than a walk. The entertainment was held in the elephant stables. A large area of about 1,500 yards by 1,000 was inclosed by a pukka wall of about 10 or 15 feet in height. The entrances, which were just enough to allow an elephant to pass through, were blocked by cross bars of considerable thickness. On the walls, on the surrounding trees and mounds, were perched many thousands of natives in holiday costume. Rows of open umbrellas of the gaudiest colors showed that the natives felt the sun, and without the slightest hesitation I can say that the afternoon was exceedingly oppressive. On one side of the arena is an upper-storied building purposely erected for the Gaekwar to witness the entertainments. The building is very high, and on the first floor was a spacious open verandah, with chairs arranged for the Gaekwar and his party of gentlemen friends, and on the floor immediately below in the stables, allowed that the Maharanee Jumnabhai and the ladies of the palace were to occupy it in company with their European lady visitors. The Gaekwar's younger brother and the latter occupied each another raised place by the side of that of the Gaekwar, and the leading members of the Baroda native aristocracy witnessed the *tamasha* from the story above. It was not until past five o'clock that the heralds announced the Gaekwar's arrival outside the arena, and a few minutes afterwards Sir Richard Meade appeared, leading his Highness by the hand to the seats provided for them. Mr. Richey followed with the Princess Tarabai, and then came Sir Madhava Rao and a brilliant

BASEBALL.

MUTUAL vs. PHILADELPHIA.

These clubs played their fifth game together on July 21, on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, on which occasion about five or six hundred spectators were within the inclosure, and as many outside. The weather was quite warm, and that had its effect in lessening the attendance; but the chief cause was the falling-off in the play of the Mutual nine. Just in proportion as a nine work in harmony together, with its sequence of skillful and successful play, just so will they draw crowds and share the profits. When they growl at one another and play loosely, the receipts fall off, and each player's share is proportionately lessened. It is so plainly the self-interest of players in co-operative nines to work together with one effort, that it is a surprise to observe how foolishly such teams as the Atlantics and Mutuals throw away their chances, as they do by allowing their tempers to get the better of their judgment. Owing to the selection of an unusually elastic ball, the contest was turned into a trial game as to which nine should excel in outfield hits and home-runs. The Mutuals led off with the old-style play at the bat, Hallinan getting a home-run and Gerhardt a three-base hit at the outset. Hicks let fly sending the lively ball bounding over the short-stop's head, out of reach. On the other side, too, base-hits were easily made, Addy making a three-base hit, and the side earning two runs. This was kept up, until the close of the fourth inning saw the totals at 10 to 7 in favor of the Mutuals, during which Start made long hits to the outfield, as did Matthews and Snyder, half a dozen fielding errors on each side from failures to hold the elastic ball marking the play. After this the two nines, rather tired with this hundred-yard running each inning, took a rest, and the play began to improve somewhat. In the last four innings, however, they began again, and this time the Philadelphians took the lead in the heavy-batting business, and added seven runs to their score to six by the Mutuals, nearly all of the former being earned: Treacy, Murnan and Meyerle going in heavy on the three and four base-hit line, the latter sending a ball past the Pagoda, while he went round the bases in about a dozen or two of his strides. The batting of the majority in this game put us in mind of the old-time Athletic scores, when the Philadelphia pets gloried in scores of 165 runs to a match. Start's batting, too, reminded us of the match between the Atlantic and Mutual nines, some fifteen years ago, when the Atlantics sent Anson and H. B. Taylor leather-hunting in the outfield to the tune of 26 runs in one inning. This was in the days when balls with two and a half ounces of rubber were in use, and batting for home-runs was mere child's play. The game has improved since then, however, and "head-work" is needed to make base-hits with a dead ball to play with, and not mere muscle used in batting an elastic ball all over the field. There were not a dozen good hits made on either side in the entire game. McMullin's display was the only really good batting of the match. He sent the balls where he wanted them to go, and to some purpose. Holdsworth's play at the bat being the next best score. Of course, the outside crowd of boys yelled their delight at the home-run hits, as did some others of the crowd who knew nothing of the science of the game. The same style of hitting can be seen any Saturday afternoon at Prospect Park, at the hands of regular muffin balltossers. Given a party of heavy, muscular men, with large bats to handle, and an elastic ball, and you will see just such hitting exhibited every time. There is no skill in it whatever, though it is termed "splendid batting" and "magnificent hitting" by some people who have yet to learn the meaning of those terms. In the fifth inning McMullin went in to pitch, and Fisher had been hit for ten earned runs and as many base-hits, with 22 totals. Only three runs were afterwards earned, though a dozen base-hits were made. In the seventh inning Murnan sprained his foot in running back to second base, and Schaffer had to take his place. Meyerle going to second and Schaffer to first. In the eighth inning Snyder was badly hit in the face, and had to give place to Malone. These injuries were but another feature of elastic-ball games, which are fruitful of broken fingers and blackened eyes. The Philadelphians furnished the ball, and a lost game was the result of their choice.

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	PHILA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsw'th,rf	6	3	4	2	0	0	Murnan,2d b	5	3	3	3	2	
Start, 1st b	6	3	4	14	0	1	McGeary,s	5	0	0	1	2	1
Hallinan,s	6	3	2	1	6	2	Addy, rf	5	2	2	2	0	2
Hicks, c	5	2	3	1	1	6	Myerle, 1st b	5	2	2	8	0	1
Gerhard,2b	6	1	2	2	4	0	Fisher, c	5	1	1	9	2	0
Booth, rf	5	0	1	2	0	1	Fulmer,3d b	5	1	3	4	3	2
Nelson, 3d b	5	1	3	1	2	1	Snyder, c	3	2	3	3	2	1
Matthews, p	5	1	2	2	2	0	McMullin, p	5	1	2	0	3	0
Gibney, l f	5	2	1	2	*0	0	Treacy, l f	4	1	1	0	1	0
Totals	50	16	22	27	15	12	Totals	43	13	*16	*26	10	10
Mutual	2	2	3	0	1	0	0	2	0	4			2—16
Philadelphia	3	2	0	2	0	0	0	1	3	2			2—13

First base by errors—Mutual, 6; Philadelphia, 3. Runs earned—Mutual, 11; Philadelphia, 9. Umpire, Mr. McLean of Philadelphia. Time, 2h.

* Schaffer put out one player at first base, making the 27 outs, and Malone made a base-hit credited to Snyder.

PHILADELPHIA vs. ATLANTIC.

The Philadelphia Club concluded their four days' play in this vicinity on Thursday, July 22, on which occasion they met the Atlantics for the fifth time, and took them into camp, after a neat display of fielding, by a score of 9 to 3. The play was decidedly superior to that of the day before; a better ball being played with, fielding skill being allowed to decide the contest, instead of muffin hitting of a lively ball. The game opened favorably for a good contest, neither party scoring a run until the third inning, when the Philadelphians batted well for 4, assisted by errors. The Atlantics did not score until the seventh inning, when they made quite a brilliant rally at the bat, and got in three earned runs; and, but for poor base-running, stood a chance to have run up to equal figures.

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ATLANTIC.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Murnan, 2d b	2	0	3	6	1	Fleet, 2d b	1	2	5	3	1
Start, 1st b	2	2	0	5	0	Carey, s	0	2	1	2	3
Addy, r f	2	3	2	0	0	Moore, s s	1	1	1	3	2
Myerle, 1st b	0	1	10	0	0	Kessler, r f	0	1	1	1	0
Fisher, c	3	1	7	3	0	Pabor, l f	0	1	1	0	0
Fulmer, 3d b	0	0	1	3	0	Nichols, 3d b	0	0	2	1	0
Snyder, c	0	0	7	0	0	Knowdell, c	0	1	6	2	5
McMullin, c f	1	1	2	1	1	Clinton, 1st b	0	0	6	0	1
Treacy, l f	1	1	1	0	0	McGee, c f	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	9	11	27	14	3	Totals	3	8	27	10	13
Philadelphia	0	0	0	4	3	0	2	0	0		9—9
Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0		0—3

Runs earned—Philadelphia, 2; Atlantic, 3. First base by errors—Philadelphia, 6; Atlantic, 3. Umpire, Mr. Malone of Philadelphia. Time, 1h. 22m.

ARLINGTON vs. CARBONDALE.

The Arlingtons of this city played the second game of their Western tour at Carbondale, Pa., July 21, with the Carbondale Club, before an assemblage of several thousand deeply-interested spectators. It proved to be from the first to the ninth inning a splendid exhibition of trained skill in ball-tossing. The New York boys had met with defeat at Honesdale the previous day, and they went on the field determined to win; but the Blue Stockings, although not a year old, are able adversaries of any amateur club in the country, and they outbatted and outfielded their rivals. Beautiful plays were made by Hayes and Dungan of the Arlingtons, and by Gillespie, Kennedy and Price of the Carbondales. A grand ball was tendered the Arlington boys by the citizens and ball-players on the evening of the same day.

CARBONDALE.	R.	ARLINGTON.	R.
Finnerty, l f	1	Ryan, 2d b	1
Neaton, c f	1	Hayes, l f	0
Lathrop, 1st b	1	McDermott, c f	0
Parrott, r f	0	Isherwood, 1st b	0
Kennedy, c	0	Tracey, s s	0
Maroney, 3d b	0	Brasher, r f	1
Killpatrick, s s	0	Pursell, 3d b	0
Gillespie, 2d b	0	Dungan, c	0
Price, p	0	Blodget, p	0
Total	4	Total	3

Carbondale	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—4
Arlington	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0—3

Home runs—Finnerty, 1; Isherwood, 1. Errors—Carbondale, 3; Arlington, 3. Base hits—Carbondale, 10; Arlington, 4. Fly-catches—Carbondale, 13; Arlington, 11. Umpire, T. W. Aitken. Time, 1h. 35m.

FLYAWAY vs. RELIANCE.

A close game was contested by these A 1 amateur clubs, respectively of the metropolis and Brooklyn, on the Capitoline Grounds, July 22, the Flyaways winning by the score published underneath:

FLYAWAY.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	RELIANCE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Laughlin, 2d b	2	1	1	3	0	Powell, 2d b	0	0	7	3	4
Quinn, s s	1	2	2	5	0	Kennedy, c	0	0	2	1	2
Fallon, p	1	2	0	2	2	Dower, 3d b	2	1	6	8	4
Shandley, c f	2	2	1	2	0	Shevlin, s s	1	0	5	0	1
Antoine, 1st b	1	0	10	0	0	Brooks, r f	1	1	0	0	0
Jolly, l f	2	0	4	0	0	Holloway, l f	2	1	1	0	2
Gilgan, r f	0	1	0	0	1	Maloney, p	0	1	0	2	0
Wilson, 3d b	0	0	0	1	6	Walker, 1st b	1	1	4	0	1
Kelly	0	1	8	0	8	Hodes, c f	0	1	2	0	1
Totals	9	8	27	12	18	Totals	7	6	27	14	15
Flyaway	1	2	0	2	1	0	0	2	1		9
Reliance	0	0	0	3	1	1	1	1	0		7

First base by errors—Flyaway, 9; Reliance, 7. Runs earned—Flyaway, 2; Reliance, 4. Umpire, W. West of Chelsea. Time, 2h. 20m.

BOSTON vs. ST. LOUIS.

The chief of the two professional clubs hailing from St. Louis, Mo., made their first appearance in Boston, Mass., July 19, when they for the fourth time encountered the champion Reds, and met with their first defeat since starting upon their Eastern trip. The prospect of an A No. 1 game attracted to the grounds about two thousand spectators, who welcomed the strangers in a hearty manner when they made their appearance. Though admirably played, the game was not so close, and consequently not so exciting, as had been looked for, the home nine coming out five runs ahead. Spalding's pitching played the deuce with the visitors, of whom Battin and Dehlman most distinguished themselves, while Bradley, the pitcher, sustained the reputation he has gained for rapid delivery, though the "champe" got on him without great difficulty.

BOSTON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ST. LOUIS.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s s	2	3	1	5	1	Cuthbert, l f	2	2	1	0	0
Barnes, 2d b	1	1	2	0	0	Pearce, s s	0	0	1	5	2
Leonard, l f	1	2	1	0	0	Pike, c f	0	1	2	0	0
O'Rourke, c f	0	0	0	0	0	Chapman, r f	0	0	0	0	2
McVey, 1st b	0	2	13	0	0	Hague, 3d b	0	0	1	4	2
Spalding, p	0	2	0	1	1	Bradley, p	0	1	0	4	1
White, c	1	1	7	2	1	Battin, 2d b	1	2	3	5	0
Schafer, 3d b	1	0	0	3	0	Dehlman, 1st b	0	0	16	0	1
Manning, r f	1	1	1	1	0	Miller, c	0	0	3	0	2
Totals	7	12	27	12	3	Totals	2	4	27	18	10
Boston	3	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0		0—7
St. Louis	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0		1—2

Runs earned—Boston, 3; St. Louis, 1. First base on errors—Boston, 4; St. Louis, 1. Umpire, Robert Ferguson, Hartford Club. Time, 2h.

BOSTON vs. ST. LOUIS.

A poor display of ball-tossing was made in the game between the above clubs at Boston, Mass., July 21. It resulted in the success of the champions by the score below:

BOSTON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ST. LOUIS.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, s s	2	2	1	1	1	Cuthbert, l f	1	1	1	0	1
Barnes, 2d b	2	3	2	3	2	Pearce, s s	2	3	5	4	1
Leonard, l f	0	2	3	2	0	Pike, c f	2	3	1	1	2
O'Rourke, c f	0	1	1	1	1	Hague, 3d b	1	1	1	0	3
McVey, 1st b	1	1	6	0	1	Bradley, p	0	1	1	3	3
Spalding, p	3	2	1	0	0	Waitt, r f	0	1	0	1	2
White, c	2	2	9	0	2	Battin, 2d b	0	2	5	4	2
Schafer, 3d b	4	5	2	4	2	Dehlman, 1st b	0	1	13	0	3
Manning, r f	2	2	2	0	0	Miller, c	0	1	2	3	2
Totals	16	20	27	11	9	Totals	6	14	27	16	19
Boston	1	3	1	3	3	0	2	1	2		16
St. Louis	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	0		6

Runs earned—Boston, 5; St. Louis, 2. First base on errors—Boston, 9; St. Louis, 4. Umpire, Wm. Boyd, Atlantic Club. Time, 1h. 55m.

TECUMSEH vs. MUTUAL.

The Mutuals of Jackson, Mich., visited London, Ont., July 16, and played a return match with the Tecumsehs of that city, whom they defeated July 6, in Jackson, to the tune of 9 to 8. This time, however, tables were turned, and the Americans departed fairly beaten for the first time in three years, we believe, by an amateur club. Though, the Tecumsehs were decidedly superior, both in the field and at the bat, and, as will be seen by the score, had but seven errors. Hunter's catching was excellent, he not having a passed ball during the game, nor allowing any bases to be stolen. McLean, as pitcher, is strengthening every game, and the opinion is that by-and-by he will be the best amateur pitcher in the Dominion. The Mutuals present an evenly-balanced and excellent field, most of whom are excellent batters. Andrus, at third base, has, it is held, no superior among amateur players. The Tecumsehs present a purely amateur nine, and all the players were born in London. They may take a trip East this Fall, and any clubs having any inducements to offer may correspond with their secretary, J. T. Lawrie.

TECUMSEH.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	MUTUAL.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Childs, 1st b	2	1	8	0	1	McCord, s s	1	2	4	1	2
Brown, rf	1	2	1	0	0	Kelsey, 1st b	0	1	12	0	1
Hunter, c	1	2	9	2	2	De Meyer, c	0	0	3	3	4
Webster, 2d b	1	1	4	2	1	Andrus, 3d b	0	0	2	1	1
McLean, p	1	1	1	2	0	Earnest, c f	0	0	2	0	1
Eldridge, s s	0	0	2	3	2	Root, l f	0	0	2	0	0
Gillean, l f	2	2	1	0	0	Benedict, 2d b	1	0	1	0	0
Jury, 3d b	2	1	2	1	1	Montgomery, r f	0	0	0	0	0
Hyman, r f	1	0	0	0	0	Lake, p	0	0	4	3	3
Totals	12	9	27	8	7	Totals	3	3	27	8	13
Tecumsehs	1	2	1	1	1	2	1	2	1		1—12
Mutuals	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1		0—3

Umpire, E. Moore of London. Scorers, W. M. Gartshore, B. F. Hollingsworth.

CHICAGO vs. NEW HAVEN.

The Elm City nine made a better display of batting and fielding in the game with the Chicagos, at New Haven, Ct., July 19, than they did in the previous contests. Neither side scored until the fourth inning, when a collision between Luff and Wright in the field gave the Whites an opportunity to score three unearned runs—a lead which the Nutmeggers couldn't overcome, though they made as many as their opponents did in the five succeeding innings, which was one only.

CHICAGO.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	NEW HAVEN.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.
Higham, r f	0	1	2	0		McKelvey, r f	1	1	1	0
Devlin, 1st b	0	2	12	0		Wright, s s	0	0	2	1
Hines, c f	0	0	1	0		Rowe, c f	0	0	1	0
Glenn, l f	1	1	2	0		McGinley, c	0	1	8	0
Peters, s s	1	1	2	2		Sommerville, 2d b	0	1	5	3
Hastings, c	1	1	2	3		Latham, 1st b	0	0	11	0
Remsen, c f	1	1	2	0		Zettlein, p	0	0	0	3
Warren, 3d b	0	0	0	5		Warren, 3d b	0	0	0	0
Miller, l f	0	0	0	0		Miller, r f	0	0	2	0
Totals	4	10	27	11		Totals	1	6	27	10
Chicago	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	
New Haven	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	

Earned runs—Chicago, 1. First base on errors—Chicago, 7; New Haven, 5. Umpire, Mr. Bielaskie of the Chicagos. Time, 1h. 57m.

FLYAWAY vs. R. E. LEE.

The R. E. Lee, Club of Houston, Texas, smarting under the pangs of the defeat which they received at the hands of the Flyaways some two weeks before, arrived in Gotham July 13, and played the return game, appended is the score:

FLYAWAY.	R.	R. E. LEE.	R.
Schalm, c	1	Smith, 3d b	0
Cassidy, 3d b	1	Poulsen, 2d b	1
Pelt, c f	4	Adair, l f	3
Wright, s s	2	Hawley, s s	1
Drew, 1st b	1	Williams, 1st b	2
Crittenden, r f	0	Frederick, c	0
Moore, p	0	Bennett, p	0
T. Compton, l f	1	Glass, r f	1
L. Compton, 2d b	2	Whitemarsh, c f	0
Total	10	Total	7

Flyaway	0	4	0	0	4	0	1	0	1—10
R. E. Lee	3	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0—7

Umpire, Alexander Easton. Scorers, Davis and Farrell. Time, 1h. 50m.

HARTFORD vs. CHICAGO.

About one thousand spectators were delighted by witnessing the victory of their pet nine in a game contested at Hartford, Ct., July 21. The prevalence of a high wind, blowing squarely in the faces of the batsmen, prevented heavy hitting, and the only run scored by the White Stockings was the result of two bad decisions in succession, giving Higham second-base, while Devlin's three-base hit sent him home. The best playing for the Hartfords was done by Burdock, Allison, Mills and York, while Devlin, Hines and Higham headed the list on the losing side.

HARTFORD.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	CHICAGO.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.
D. Allison, c	1	2	7	2	Higham, 2d b	1	0	6	3
Burdock, 2d b	1	2	3	0	Devlin, 1st b	0	2	12	0
Carey, s s	0	2	3	2	Hines, c f	0	0	2	1
Cummings, p	0	0	2	2	Glenn, l f	0	0	1	0
York, l f	0	0	4	0	Peters, s s	0	0	0	1
Ferguson, 3d b	1	2	2	2	Hastings, c	0	2	2	3
Remsen, c f	1	1	0	0	Zettlein, p	0	0	0	3
Mills, 1st b	0	0	5	0	Warren, 3d b	0	0	0	0
Hapridge, r f	0	0	1	0	Miller, r f	0	0	2	0
Totals	4	9	27	7	Totals	1	6	27	11
Hartford	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0—4
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Earned runs—Hartford, 1. Fielding errors—Hartford, 7; Chicago, 6. Bases on errors—Hartford, 3; Chicago, 4. Three-base hits—Ferguson and Devlin, 1 each. Double-play—Hines and Devlin, 1. Umpire, Mr. Ryan of the New Haven Club. Time, 2h.

ÆTNA vs. ROYAL OAK.

The following is the score of a match played between the Ætnas of Toronto and the Royal Oaks of Bowmanville, Ont., on the ground of the former, July 17:

ÆTNA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	ROYAL OAK.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.
Taverur, c	0	1	9	1	Wilcox, c	0	0	8	1
Roe, r f	2	1	0	0	Kelly, p	2	0	2	4
Lear, 1st b	2	1	7	0	T. Shaw, 2d b	1	0	2	3
McPherson, s s	3	2	1	1	Ross, c f	1	0	0	0
Warwick, 3d b	4	2	4	2	H. Coleman, r f	0	0	2	0
Duncan, c	2	1	1	0	Deitrick, l f	0	0	1	0
Aellaine, 2d b	0	0	3	1	McAdow, s s	0	0	0	0
Buntard, l f	2	2	2	0	Lockhart, 3d b	0	0	1	2
McGinnes, c	1	1	0	1	E. Coleman, 1st b	0	0	11	0
Totals	16	11	27	7	Totals	4	0	27	11

Umpire, Mr. Climie of Bowmanville.

OSCEOLAS OF STRATFORD, CT.

Writing about this Nutmeg nine, a correspondent says: "The Osceolas have leased the large lot, corner of Elm street and Park row, Stratford, and have fitted it up as a first-class ball-field. They may well feel proud, now that they have secured such good grounds, and they need not feel ashamed to have their visiting friends come to Stratford. Their field is 350 feet long by 275 feet wide, and, with practice, they will give some of our crack clubs a good pull. The Resolute B. B. C. of Bridgeport wanted to play them on Sunday, July 25. It may do very well to play out West on Sundays, but it won't do for us 'Down-easters.' The following is the nine for 1875: W. W. Curtis, c.; A. Beeman, p.; J. B. Billings, s. s.; A. L. Judd, 1st b.; Geo. Wells, 2d b.; W. Bishop, 3d b.; F. W. Smith, Jr., l. f.; E. J. Spall, c. f.; W. D. Hotchkiss, r. f. Substitutes—W. Stagg, E. A. Powers, W. Williams, W. Judson, B. Fisher, and A. Hotchkiss. The club is open to all challenges for the 'championship of Fairfield County'" (except from the T. B. F. U. S. and Bridgeport Clubs); first game to be played on the Osceolas' grounds, second on their opponents' grounds, and the third on neutral grounds. Address J. B. Billings, Capt. O. B. B. C., Stratford, Ct. The following is the record of games played up to July 22:

VICTORIES.

June 16.	Osceola vs. West Stratford, at Stratford	9 to 7
June 29.	Osceola vs. Resolute of Bridgeport, at Stratford	13 to 9
July 3.	Osceola vs. West Stratford, at West Stratford	20 to 10
July 17.	Osceola vs. Milford B. B. C. of Milford, at Stratford	14 to 12

DEFEATS.

July 9.	Resolute vs. Osceola, at Bridgeport	11 to 9
July 23.	Big Bonanza vs. Osceola, at Stratford	12 to 10

ATHLETIC vs. MUTUAL.

The third championship game between the Athletics and Mutuals was played July 22, on the former's ground, Philadelphia. The Athletics were without the services of Craver, who was unable to play, by reason of injuries received a few days previously, and in this emergency Anson was substituted, playing first base, while Fisler guarded second base in a faultless manner. The Mutuals had out their full nine, and played a fine fielding game in a majority of innings. The Athletics got on to Matthew's pitching in the first inning, making five clean, hard hits in succession, which, together with errors by Gerhardt and Holdsworth, yielded four runs, three being earned, however. Fisler's splendid two-base hit and Clapp's hard hit yielded the Athletics their next run in the seventh inning, and four successive base-hits in the following inning, and errors by Hicks, gave them three more runs. Sutton's good batting and base-running and another passed ball by Hicks gave the Athletics a run in the ninth inning. The Athletics' fielding was almost perfect, as the Mutuals, although making ten clean hits, were unable to score, and but one man reaching first-base on an error, and then by Hall's miss of a difficult running-catch—the error, however, being retrieved by a brilliant bit of fielding on the part of Hall, throwing out a base-runner at second, while lying on the ground. The fielding of Eggler, Force, Fisler and Gedney was the feature of this game, the score of which we give below:

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Holdsw'th,cf	4	0	1	3	0	1	Force, s s	5	0	1	5	2	0
Start, 1st b	4	0	1	10	0	0	Clapp, c	5	2	2	5	0	1
Hallinan, s s	4	0	2	2	7	0	Fisler, 2d b	5	1	2	4	2	0
Hicks, c	4	0	0	4	0	4	Anson, 1st b	5	1	2	4	1	0
Gerhardt, 3b	4	1	1	2	2	0	Sutton, 3d b	5	1	1	2	1	1
Booth, r f	4	0	1	1	0	0	Hall, l f	5	1	1	2	1	1
Nelson, 2d b	4	0	2	3	2	0	Bechtel, r f	6	1	1	1	0	0
Matthews, p	4	0	1	1	3	2	McBride, p	5	1	1	1	0	0
Gedney, l f	4	0	1	2	0	1	Eggler, c f	4	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	36	0	10	27	13	10	Totals	45	9	14	27	7	2
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—0
Athletic	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3				1—9

Runs earned—Athletic, 5. First bases on fielding errors—Athletic, 5; Mutual, 1. Umpire, Wm. McLean. Time, 1h. 45m.

ATHLETIC vs. ATLANTIC.

The sixth game between the rival professional teams of Philadelphia and Brooklyn was decided in the first-named city on the 19th inst. The Atlantics were minus four of their regular nine, the places of the absentees being filled by young amateurs of the Quaker City, who did better fielding than their professional companions, while one of them, Bushong, excelled in batting. The Athletics easily punished Cassidy's very wild pitching; but errors by Clapp gave the Atlantics runs in the second and ninth innings, and Craver gave them another in the fourth.

ATLANTIC.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Cassidy, p	5	0	3	1	1	3	Force, s s	7	3	3	0	1	1
Nichols, 3d b	5	0	1	2	4	3	Clapp, c	6	1	1	7	0	3
Moore, s s	4	0	0	1	4	1	Fisler, 1st b	7	2	2	5	0	1
Pabor, l f	4	0	0	3	1	2	Craver, 2d b	6	2	2	4	1	0
Daily, 1st b	4	2	1	10	0	2	Sutton, 3d b	6	4	3	2	1	1
Hellings, 2 b	4	0	1	3	3	2	Hall, l f	6	3	2	3	0	1
Fulmer, 1st b	4	1	2	3	0	1	Bechtel, c f	6	3	3	4	0	0
Arundell, r f	4	0	0	0	0	0	McBride, p	6	3	3	0	3	0
Bushon, c	5	0	3	4	0	1	Eggler, c f	6	2	3	2	0	0
Totals	39	3	11	27	13	15	Totals	56	23	22	27	8	8
Atlantic	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	1				1—3
Athletic	0	4	0	2	7	5	0	0	3				2—23

Runs earned—Athletic, 8. First base on errors—Atlantic, 4; Athletic, 9. Umpire, George Heubel. Time, 1h. 45m.

LUDLOW vs. RED SOX.

The St. Louis Reds played two more games with the Ludlows, opposite Cincinnati, O., on the 17th and 21st inst; losing both, thus being defeated thrice in succession by the Luds. The scores were as follows:

RED.	R.	IB.	T.	LUDLOW.	R.	IB.	T.
Oran, r f	0	0	0	Mason, 2d b	1	1	1
Redman, s s	0	2	3	Warner, s s	2	2	2
Ellick, c f	0	0	0	Dillon, 3d b	1	1	1
Houtz, 1st b	1	2	2	Jones, 1st b	1	1	1
Sweasy, 2d b	0	0	0	Baker, r f	2	2	2
Croft, l f	1	1	1	Abadie, l f	1	3	3
Morgan, p	0	1	1	Taylor, c	0	2	2
McSorley, 3d b	0	0	0	Stiles, c f	1	0	0
Flint, c	0	0	0	Williams, p	0	1	1
Totals	3	6	7	Totals	9	13	13
Reds	0	1	0	0	2	0	0—3
Ludlow	2	0	3	0	4	0	0—9

Passed balls—Red, 3; Ludlow, 1. Flies caught—Red, 8; Ludlow, 7. Total errors—Reds, 7; Ludlow, 5. Struck out—Red, 3; Ludlow, 0. Umpire, Robert Crandall. Time, 2h.

LUDLOW.	R.	IB.	RED.	R.	IB.
Mason, 2d b	2	3	Oran, l f	0	1
Warner, s s	1	2	Redman, s s	0	0
Jones, s s	2	4	Ellick, c	1	2
Stiles, c f	0	1	Houtz, 1st b	1	2
Dillon, 3d b	2	2	Sweasy,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 26,

LADIES' LIST.

Biddle, Angie (late of Shelby's)
Bain, Rose (2) 10c.
Burke, Inez
Brunell, Addie (vocalist)
Berrell, Mrs. M. L.
Bercoori, Kate
Beane, Fannie
Bernard, Lottie
Berry, Celia
Bronston, Alice
Beverly, Mrs Maude
Bo.
Crabtree, Lotta
Clifton, Viola
Dingman, Augusta
Devere, Ida
Du Vare, Jennie
Dalton, Kate
Devere, Mrs. L.
De Granville, Mlle.
Decy, Ann
Deardon, Fannie (2)
Ernest, Maude
Ebert, Kittie B.
Edis, Annie
Francis, Fannie (juvenile "biz")
Forrest, Lillian (2)
Fitch, Tena
Fairman, Maude
Fontainbleau, Mlle.
Francis, Leonia (variety "biz") (2)
Fox, Annie
Forrest, Katie
Frawley, Flora
Francis, Lulu
Forester, Nellie
Greenfield, Ida
Gilmore, Mrs. Etta
Gilbert, Jennie (of Glib. list.)
Gourier, Mrs. Wm.
Geary, Mina (with Mod. & Strong)
Gilmore, Alice
Howard, Genie
Holland, Mrs. Effie
Hurbert, Mrs. Ada
Hubbard, Addie
Hazley, Grace
Hastings Sisters
Hastings, Kate
Harland, Ada
Herman, Mrs. A.
Hindle, Annie
Ince, Annette
Ifford Sisters
Kellogg, Alice
Kennedy, Florence (of Mch. Comp. Co.)
Knight, Fannie
Kent, Fannie
Kirby, Addie
La Faver, Alice (gymnast)
Le Clercq, Miss
Lawrence, Carrie
"Lotta"
Labe, Emma (of Kid J. Rob'n. Clr.)
Lillian, Lena
Leslie, Jennie (vocalist)
Lillian Sisters
Lenton, Mrs. Herbert)
Lehman, Mrs. A.
Laverde, Mrs.
Le Brun, Eliza 3c.
Myers, Rebecca
Morris, Clara
Morrell, Chrissie
Murray, Lizzie
Morgan, Eeta

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Atkins, Charlie
Atkins, Wm. A.
Adams, Thomas (Dutch "biz")
Appleby, Louis
Arizona, Chas. (2)
Archer, Chas. (pianist)
Arnold, Wm.
Bates, Frank
Bertz, Prof. (magician)
Beverly, C. Stuart
Brand, T. A. (director)
Brand, T. H.
Baccei, Sig. Pietro
Barclay, Fred
Badger, W. E.
Boyle, J. Watson
Bartine, Charlie
Boyer, Prof. Chas. J. (2)
Brooks, W. A. (comed.)
Bailey, Mr. (circus "biz")
Benedict, J. C.
Bibbins, Geo.
Bolls, Sig. Enrico
Butler, A. (of corgia Minst.)
Bishop, Campbell O.
Beedle, Chas. S.
Bailey, Harry (2)
Benton, Chas.
Bartlett, Chas. J.
Bidwell, D. (manager)
Baumann, Prof. J. W.
Bleeker, Sylvester
Barry, Billy
Brown, E. S.
Banks, C. L.
Blanchard, Prof. Chas.
Basye, E. E.
Bryne Bros. The Bernabo, Adolfo
Bray, Walter
Bray & Hart
Brown, S. M. Harry
Brahams, Harry (vocalist) (3)
Burke, Jno. M.
Batchelor, W. (of W. Cole's Clr.)
Bolls, Thos.
Brooks, E. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Blitz, Jerome
Bernardo, Bernie
"Dinorah Jim"
Clark, S. G.
Clark, Harry
Chanfrau, F. S.
Cody, W. (scout)
Carrington, J. (of Carring. Clr.)
Cole, Wm. (circus prop.)
Case, Wm. (of Putnam Co.)
Casco, Geo. N.
Colby, G. W.
Cooper, H. (of Warner's Minst.)
Crusoe, Chas. A. (2)
Collins, Maurice F.
Callender, Chas. A. (2)
Clark, Lew (Clark Bros.)
Costello, Fred (of Gibb's Clr.)
Carr, Louis S.
Cook, J. (of Melv. Mag. & Co.'s Clr.)
Cole, Sam (of Cole's Dons, Jr.)
Carner, J. W.
Crane, E. Mills (2)
Cook, Geo. (with D. Magner)
Coleman, M. P.
Corbin, Fred (2)
Canning, Matt (2)
Coleman, D. W.
Costello, Geo.
Cook, Robert
Coleman Family, Manag. of
Cawthorn's Children, Manag. of
D'Ormer, Mons.
Dobson, Frank B.
Dannol, Frank
Dixon, H. (of Kellogg Co.)
Davis, L.
Davis, Alex. (ventriloquist)
Doyle, W. E. (2)
England
Daly, Chas. (of Callender)
Quinn & Daly
De Merza, G. W.
Dingess, Jno. A.
Durand, A. P.
Devere, Chas. N. (2)
Dockstader, Chas. R.
Durand, Dick
Davey, T. W. (manager)
Dunville, Prof. L. J.
Dayton, Thos.
Dodge, Ben
Dickenson, Mr. (of London, Eng.)
Delehanty & Hengler
De Bar, Benj. (2)
Dutton, Wm. (with Forepaugh)
Denier, Tony
Drake, S. M.
"Emerald" (2)
Emerson, ——— (of Emers. Minst.)
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (2)
Ellis, C. (of Howe's Clr.) (2)
Everett, H. (of Bailey's Clr.)
Emerson & Hunt
Leader of Or.
Elliott, R. F.
Rogers (of Emerson's)
Altrinchan, Eng.
Edwards, Welch
Ellis, C. H. (gymnast)
Edwards, W.
Elviro, Sig. (gymnast)
Edwards, Matt
Friederich, L. (of Sirakuse, N. Y.)
Fillman, C. (with Callender)
Fallon, Amandos
Ford, Thos. J.
Fitzgerald, J. (late of Lent's Clr.)
Franco, Geo.
Fowler, Thos. B.
Farron, T. J.
Fox, Chas. (manager) (2)
Fritz, Edwin
Fox, Chas. (Dutch "biz")

GARRETT'S LIST.

Gourier, Mrs. Wm.
Geary, Mina (with Mod. & Strong)
Gilmore, Alice
Howard, Genie
Holland, Mrs. Effie
Hurbert, Mrs. Ada
Hubbard, Addie
Hazley, Grace
Hastings Sisters
Hastings, Kate
Harland, Ada
Herman, Mrs. A.
Hindle, Annie
Ince, Annette
Ifford Sisters
Kellogg, Alice
Kennedy, Florence (of Mch. Comp. Co.)
Knight, Fannie
Kent, Fannie
Kirby, Addie
La Faver, Alice (gymnast)
Le Clercq, Miss
Lawrence, Carrie
"Lotta"
Labe, Emma (of Kid J. Rob'n. Clr.)
Lillian, Lena
Leslie, Jennie (vocalist)
Lillian Sisters
Lenton, Mrs. Herbert)
Lehman, Mrs. A.
Laverde, Mrs.
Le Brun, Eliza 3c.
Myers, Rebecca
Morris, Clara
Morrell, Chrissie
Murray, Lizzie
Morgan, Eeta

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Atkins, Charlie
Atkins, Wm. A.
Adams, Thomas (Dutch "biz")
Appleby, Louis
Arizona, Chas. (2)
Archer, Chas. (pianist)
Arnold, Wm.
Bates, Frank
Bertz, Prof. (magician)
Beverly, C. Stuart
Brand, T. A. (director)
Brand, T. H.
Baccei, Sig. Pietro
Barclay, Fred
Badger, W. E.
Boyle, J. Watson
Bartine, Charlie
Boyer, Prof. Chas. J. (2)
Brooks, W. A. (comed.)
Bailey, Mr. (circus "biz")
Benedict, J. C.
Bibbins, Geo.
Bolls, Sig. Enrico
Butler, A. (of corgia Minst.)
Bishop, Campbell O.
Beedle, Chas. S.
Bailey, Harry (2)
Benton, Chas.
Bartlett, Chas. J.
Bidwell, D. (manager)
Baumann, Prof. J. W.
Bleeker, Sylvester
Barry, Billy
Brown, E. S.
Banks, C. L.
Blanchard, Prof. Chas.
Basye, E. E.
Bryne Bros. The Bernabo, Adolfo
Bray, Walter
Bray & Hart
Brown, S. M. Harry
Brahams, Harry (vocalist) (3)
Burke, Jno. M.
Batchelor, W. (of W. Cole's Clr.)
Bolls, Thos.
Brooks, E. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Blitz, Jerome
Bernardo, Bernie
"Dinorah Jim"
Clark, S. G.
Clark, Harry
Chanfrau, F. S.
Cody, W. (scout)
Carrington, J. (of Carring. Clr.)
Cole, Wm. (circus prop.)
Case, Wm. (of Putnam Co.)
Casco, Geo. N.
Colby, G. W.
Cooper, H. (of Warner's Minst.)
Crusoe, Chas. A. (2)
Collins, Maurice F.
Callender, Chas. A. (2)
Clark, Lew (Clark Bros.)
Costello, Fred (of Gibb's Clr.)
Carr, Louis S.
Cook, J. (of Melv. Mag. & Co.'s Clr.)
Cole, Sam (of Cole's Dons, Jr.)
Carner, J. W.
Crane, E. Mills (2)
Cook, Geo. (with D. Magner)
Coleman, M. P.
Corbin, Fred (2)
Canning, Matt (2)
Coleman, D. W.
Costello, Geo.
Cook, Robert
Coleman Family, Manag. of
Cawthorn's Children, Manag. of
D'Ormer, Mons.
Dobson, Frank B.
Dannol, Frank
Dixon, H. (of Kellogg Co.)
Davis, L.
Davis, Alex. (ventriloquist)
Doyle, W. E. (2)
England
Daly, Chas. (of Callender)
Quinn & Daly
De Merza, G. W.
Dingess, Jno. A.
Durand, A. P.
Devere, Chas. N. (2)
Dockstader, Chas. R.
Durand, Dick
Davey, T. W. (manager)
Dunville, Prof. L. J.
Dayton, Thos.
Dodge, Ben
Dickenson, Mr. (of London, Eng.)
Delehanty & Hengler
De Bar, Benj. (2)
Dutton, Wm. (with Forepaugh)
Denier, Tony
Drake, S. M.
"Emerald" (2)
Emerson, ——— (of Emers. Minst.)
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (2)
Ellis, C. (of Howe's Clr.) (2)
Everett, H. (of Bailey's Clr.)
Emerson & Hunt
Leader of Or.
Elliott, R. F.
Rogers (of Emerson's)
Altrinchan, Eng.
Edwards, Welch
Ellis, C. H. (gymnast)
Edwards, W.
Elviro, Sig. (gymnast)
Edwards, Matt
Friederich, L. (of Sirakuse, N. Y.)
Fillman, C. (with Callender)
Fallon, Amandos
Ford, Thos. J.
Fitzgerald, J. (late of Lent's Clr.)
Franco, Geo.
Fowler, Thos. B.
Farron, T. J.
Fox, Chas. (manager) (2)
Fritz, Edwin
Fox, Chas. (Dutch "biz")

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, July 26, '75.

"There is music in the air," and we hear the birds a-singing. Yes, already we hear the low notes of the symphony to the "grand opening" which precedes the clash and the crash of future operations. We are promised great things in the coming campaign—brilliant stars in the operatic firmament, stupendous artists in the tragic element, and marvels of talent in the field of Varieties. Tietjens is to be here. [Politicians we *always* have with us, James; but the coming Tietjens is not of that stripe.—ED.] Von Bulow is billed for the new hall at Fifth-avenue and Eighteenth street; and a score or two of migratory birds of song are booked for this city and "the provinces." *And* tragedy! We are to be overweighted with it! Alas! poor Hamlet! We are to have him in every shape, and in every stage of his melancholy dementia. Barrett Sullivan is to have a shy at him; Edwin Booth will probably give him a tussle for auld lang syne; and it is just possible that E. L. Davenport may wrestle with the alleged idiotic son of his "late lamented" father. How many more the sorrow-stricken one may have to combat with is no unknown; but, Jubilate! Rignold is *not* to attempt Hamlet's taking off, as he did that of "the man who was not born of woman," having reference to the midnight fiend Macbeth. No! Hamlet will be preserved from *such* humiliation; and Shakespeare may sleep, unappalled by what *might* have been. And "Julius Cæsar" is to be done at the Fifth-avenue! Just think of it! Foul murder on the stage where lovely woman erstwhile held us in thrall by her beauty and her charms; murder most foul on the boards made lovely by the divine Fanny and the bevy of beauties that revolve around her, and, by so doing, add to her brilliancy and to their own lustre. And how must James Lewis feel over this theatrical desecration! Far worse than selling Bonanza must be the realization of the fact that unscrupulous conspirators are to plot for the assassination of Mr. Cæsar on the very spot made memorable by "The Professor's" speculations in stocks! And then the Davenport-Barrett Combination threaten to make Rome howl when they take possession of Booth's! This combination is capable of great things, both good and bad; but what they intend to dose us with, as their grand coup, no little bird has as yet deigned to inform us. But after Clara Morris' Lady Macbeth at that house last season we are proof against any and everything; so Messrs. Tragedians, bring on your biggest guns and blaze away. And we are not to be deprived of our spectacle, that grand concatenation of legs and arms, and gorgeous costumes, and glittering paraphernalia, and everything calculated to entrance us as we view the passing scene. The Kiralfys, who have traveled much in their time, and know every nook and corner of this habitable globe, are going to take us "Around the World in Eighty Days," and show us sights that we never dreamed of before. The Academy of Music will be the starting-point. In the way of varieties we are promised an entire gold mine more precious than gems of the sea. The competition will be emphatic, and the strife for the best talent will be waged with energy and comfortable salaries. Contracts will be made for big figures, and contracts will be rendered null for the small matter of five dollars additional. It will be "pull Richard, pull devil," and front seats reserved for the ladies when accompanied by gentlemen..... Well, the Troubadours have been heard and seen; and, if they have any compunctions of conscience, they will at once "Go West."

Singing from New York town hither we come,
Troubadours, troubadours, henceforth we're dumb.

The Troubs. did not take the town by storm, nor did they create an indescribable sensation. In fact, the party is a little queer; and in a spirit of kindness we should advise them to close up for repairs.....A Cincinnati correspondent—probably a live Indian, because he signs himself Black Feet—sends a postal card, for "Our Jim," with the legend inscribed thereon: "*If a hungry* man makes a home-run, and finds nothing to eat, is he *put out* on the *home-plate?*" James desires us to say that such an emergency is not at all likely to arise in his case, because, under any and all circumstances, he's always good for a *feed!* The gent is fed just now, having overtaxed himself at Saratoga; but he proposes to take what he calls a *settles it* powder—and that *settles it*.....A party up at Rye—bad place for poets—sends us an original composition, which he desires us to publish in THE CLIPPER. We oblige; but, while admitting the originality of the poem, we by no means see our way clear through the entire composition. There is here and there a happy thought, but there is an unevenness about the lines that "gives us pause," and creates a diversified opinion. Here it is, just as written:

TO MR PARDNER, BILLY DUNKIN.

1.
You Remember I can guess
Billy Dunkin, the day you first
asked me your Pardner to be
to go in the Theatrical Proffecion
Variety Actors to be, you Remember
I consented at once, for we were
Both stage-struck at that
time to go in a double song-dance
we thought it would Be very fine.

2.
But now I am far away
from you and I suppose your
thoughts are the same so I
hope when on the stage we
make our Apearance the greatest
Sucess we may gain.

3
I Remember you Billy where
I am and I hope that you'll
do the same. and when we strike
out for ourselfs Let us be what
the call Lyrics of fame.
so when we go on and should
happen to fail Let us do as
the Old Proverb says if at
first you do not succeeds,
Let us try it, and try it, again.

Composed and wrote by HENRY STOREBRIDGE.

The rhymes and things are all there, if our readers will take the trouble to distill them out.....An oldtimer, who went to see the Troubadours at the Union Square last week, courteously informs us that he saw "*Patch*" work at Genesee Falls several years ago. Just so, and he might have added that "Patchwork" came to the same melancholy end at both places.....No, James, the author of "The Living Link" was *not* a sausage maker.....This reminds us of a sage remark made by the young fellow after returning from a vainless search for a free lunch. Says he: "A sine nere our offic ses—'*Meles at aul hours.*' I fane sort to try the wittels, but the man hoom keepes the plase cride out: 'You pays fust and ates afterwurds.' I explaihn' to hav enny after *wurds*, I passed. Hents that man's sine is a livin lie, for hiz meles is *not at all ours!*"....We are informed by a colored correspondent that many St. Louis actors last season were *studying for de bar!* Why not? They have a *Lee gal* actress in San Francisco.....In regard to Mr. Fortescue, at the Olympic, somebody intimates that "*Forty*" cur is to make people laugh. *For 'tis curious* how they do it, but they do.....Alas! poor Donaldson! Among the many reports concerning this unfortunate aeronaut was one saying that he had come down in an exhausted condition. But the balloon must have been first exhausted.....Cohoes people are a sharp set, and a man must be sharp set to get ahead of them; but a pianist seems to have "beat" them out of his board, and would have got away with the piano and drop-curtain had he been less heavily weighted. As it was, he waltzed off with various little things, but the drop-curtain remained. And now Cohoes is in a state of wild excitement over the freaks of this peripatetic pianist.....Friends of the family must not give up all as lost when a circus actor is not heard from as often as duty requires. Sometimes they get lost in a wilderness, as it might be, with no good Samaritan to show them the way out. Sometimes they get in the haxds of the sheriff, and this is ten times worse than being lost in the wilderness. Occasionally they get caught up in a financial storm, and the whole concern is compelled to lay-to until the storm abates, and the ravenous appetite of selfish creditors is appeased. Sometimes, still, the boys get tangled up in a good many devious ways and things, and means of communicating with the civilized world become exceedingly difficult. A performer frequently does "The Leap for Life" in reality, when "it dounts are on this track!" The circus man, at times, has a hard life of it. Lines:

An invalid and a tight-rope man
Must differ greatly, all woes;
One pains you *talking on his woes*;
The other, *walking on his toes!*

.....Italian-opera managers complained greatly about last season's receipts, and yet we can't tell why. If a prima donna's voice *fills the house*, what more can a manager want? we should like to know. And yet he may insist that a prima donna is only *valuable* on account of her *precious tones!*.....And talking about singers, a correspondent wants to know if a certain tenor isn't a farmer, and then goes on to say something about *Tilla* of the soil. Now, he has only used this *man Tilla* as a *cloak* for his jest, but we'll have none of it. Jest so! Jim puts in, and says we *musn't* jest so. Well, well, let it drop.....Envious, no doubt, of the single *Berry* up on Third avenue, the Yokes folks are going to present us with a *Bunch of Berries* at the Fifth-avenue.....He came into the sanctum this morning just after we had braced up before a White Mountain of letters which, by hard work, we hoped to reduce to reasonable dimensions by noontide. He was in a hurry—he did not being successful. The dispatch of this friend in need was raising a subscription to defray the funeral expenses. He took us at a mean advantage; but we managed to take time to look at the subscription paper, and what do you think it was? Gosh, but it made us angry. This is the way it read: "Hi'ch, the kind-hearted, the father of this has been stone blind seventeen years—has no friends, no relatives, is alone in the world. A little assistance, if you please!" The degraded wretch had been furnished with the wrong paper, and some other fiend, no doubt, is, on the strength of the dead man's stone blindness, collecting quarters for a blind man! Jim can tell you what became of *our* man, for once his swindling character was discovered, the boy bounced him, but where it ended we can't say.....Robinson Hall ought to succeed, for they've a *laurent* there. The reader will kindly substitute *low rent* for Laurent, and oblige.—ED.]:.....The author who tried to "*hit a happy medium*" has been arrested by the spiritualists, and you can now find his name on their *spiritual lists!*.....And talking about different things revives in our revivified mind something we had well nigh forgotten, and we think that you will agree with us that it is *too* good to be forgotten. Listen:

When John brought Maria an elegant cloak,
And to her its beauties unfuried,
She said: "I am like our sovereign, dear John—
I've the finest pelisse in the world!"

CITY SUMMARY.

THE COMING SEASON.—It may interest our readers at the present time, to learn what is to be presented at the various places of amusement in this city for the recreation of the public during the coming season. We have no inclination to attempt to prophesy the pecuniary or artistic success of any of the entertainments to be given; but we desire simply to record the prospective attractions, as far as they have come to our knowledge. At the Union-square Theatre a preliminary season will be opened in August, when John T. Raymond as Colonel Mulberry Sellers, in Mark Twain's drama, supported by an efficient dramatic company, will be the attraction. The regular season will begin on or about Oct. 1, when "Rose Michel" will be presented, with Miss Rose Eytinge in the leading character. The managers, Messrs. Shook & Palmer, claim to have purchased, directly from the author, the sole right of representation of this drama in the United States.....At the Fifth-avenue Theatre a preliminary season will be commenced on Aug. 2, when the Vokes Family are to appear in a new specialty, written expressly for them, and successfully performed in London, England, entitled "A Bunch of Berries." The regular season will begin early in September, when "Rose Michel" will form the attraction, with Miss Clara Morris in the leading role. Manager Augustin Daly claims to have purchased a right to perform this drama. The aid of our courts may possibly be evoked to determine which management has the legal right. In October Mr. Daly will commence a brief engagement, opening in "Julius Cæsar," which will be elaborately mounted. After that engagement, society dramas and comedies will constitute the attraction.....At Booth's Theatre, Barry Sullivan will make his first appearance in America since 1860, opening the regular season on Aug. 30 in "Hamlet." Mrs. Rousby is to play an engagement, acting in a piece written for her by Dion Boucicault. A combination, consisting of E. L. Davenport, Lawrence Barrett, George Rignold and Frank Bangs, will be one of the features of the season, and "Julius Cæsar" will be one of the attractions.....E. L. Davenport acting Brutus; Lawrence Barrett, Cassius; George Rignold, Mark Antony; and Frank Bangs, Casca. After the engagement of the combination has terminated, Lawrence Barrett will continue to act as a star during two weeks. Other stars will appear later in the season.....At the Academy of Music, a dramatic season will be commenced in August under the management of the Kiralfy Brothers, when "Around the World," a society-play by M. A. D'Ennery, the author of "The Two Orphans," will be produced in a style precisely like that of its original production at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, France, during the season Wachtel, the eminent tenor, supported by a German-opera company under the management of A. Neuendorf, will sing a number of his most celebrated roles.....Wallack's Theatre will be opened for a preliminary season on or about Aug. 16, when Miss Julia Matthews and an English comic-opera company under the management of Samuel Colville will make their American debut. The opening of the regular dramatic season will depend upon the success of the Matthews company; but it will probably be commenced in October. The stock company will be, as heretofore, the feature at this house, and it is said it will be composed almost entirely of English artists. It will probably be numerous, so that performers can be transferred to the Brooklyn (L. I.) Theatre, which is to be under the same management as Wallack's. Old comedies and dramas will be relied on as the regular attraction.....At Wood's Museum the coming season is merely nominal. This theatre seldom closes its doors to the public, Winter or Summer. A few changes will occur in the company, but the policy of the management will continue unaltered—presenting in succession popular stars in strongly sensational dramas. September nominally marks the beginning of the Fall and Winter season.....The future of the Park Theatre is enveloped in mystery. The financial and legal troubles with which this property is entangled may interfere with any elaborate preparation for the coming season.....For the Lyceum Theatre the attractions have not yet been secured. Managers Grau & Chizzola are in Europe in quest of novelties, and it is said that Signor Rossi, an eminent Italian tragedian, has been engaged for a limited number of nights. It is probable that Miss Emily Soldene and her new troupe will appear here.....The Bowery Theatre will be opened early in September, under the management of J. W. Meeth, assisted by Milnes Levick as stage-manager. A strong and efficient company of people, fresh to that section of the city, is to be secured. The house is to be renovated and redecorated throughout, and sensational stars will be relied on for the main attraction.....Niblo's Garden is still without a tenant.....The Third-avenue Theatre, a new theatre situated on Third avenue between Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets, is to be opened for a season, under the management of J. Berry, July 26, with Fred G. Maeder as the star in a local three-act play entitled "The Poor and Proud of New York."

.....At Robinson Hall the present season will be continued, and English opera-bouffe will constitute the attraction. Miss Clara Fisher has rejoined the company, and Nellie Larkelle and Harry Allen have been engaged by Manager Robinson for a season of nine months.....The San Francisco Minstrel Hall will be opened on Aug. 30, under the management of Birch, Wambold & Backus, who will continue to present their clever minstrel entertainments.....Darling's Opera-house, which is the name that the late Dan Bryant's Minstrel Hall will be known by in future, will be opened Aug. 23, under the management of Ben Cotton, Dave Reed & John Simpson, who will present a strong array of minstrel talent.....The Theatre Comique will open Aug. 23, under the continued proprietorship of Josh Hart, with Col. T. Allston Brown as manager, and will be conducted, as hitherto, as a first-class variety theatre.....The Globe Theatre will be opened on or about Sept. 1, under the management of R. W. Butler and F. Murtha as a variety theatre.....The Tivoli Theatre will continue as a variety garden.....The new Eagle Theatre, on Sixth avenue between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, now being built by Josh Hart, it is thought will be opened during the latter part of September. It will be run as a first-class variety theatre, and many of those that appear at the Theatre Comique will on the same evenings perform here. Frequent change of performers will be the rule.....The Olympic Theatre will continue, as heretofore, under the proprietorship of John Duff, assisted by John F. Poole as manager, and the season will open during the latter part of August. Variety entertainments, with rapid change of companies, will be the style of entertainments.....The Metropolitan Theatre is to open under the management of William Pastor and M. B. Leavitt on Aug. 2. They will run it as a variety theatre until Oct. 4, when Tony Pastor assumes the management, and will continue to conduct it as a first-class variety theatre.....

THE ROBINSON OPERA-BOUFFE COMPANY, during the past week, gave the first representations by this troupe at Robinson Hall of Offenbach's "Rose of Auvergne" and Herve's "Chilperic." The performance of the former, a clever little farce, rarely interspersed with musical numbers, scarcely came up to an acceptable standard, receiving most inadequate treatment from the performers. The delineation of the character of Fleurette by Miss Louise Howard, lacking personal attractiveness, gave evidence that the lady, who is the possessor of a perceptible Milesian accent, is scarcely in keeping with an expression of French character, had at her best but the faint reminiscence of a former voice. The lovesick swain Alphonse, by Mr. Laurent, hardly added to his reputation as an actor, the exaggerated action and grimaces in which he indulged in attempting to convey a comical idea of the part, proving anything but agreeable, the little measure of applause which was bestowed upon the performance failing upon the ear. Jessie Bond, the soubrette, contributed the few vocal trifles falling to the share of the robust blacksmith. "Chilperic" was well placed upon the stage, both in regard to scenic details and costumes, the abridged form of the opera presented receiving a respectful subscription of commendation in several respects. Mr. Henri Laurent's expression of the character of Chilperic was a capital performance, proving an agreeable surprise after the experience of the preceding operetta, and liberal praise can be accorded him, even in comparison with former interpreta'ions of the part, his gracefulness and schooled vocal rendering of the part. The Fredegonde of Miss Howard, on the contrary, presented proof of a want of vocal culture and dramatic talent to successfully portray a role requiring at least a certain amount of ability, that made the characterization most unsatisfactory. Miss Bond did not draw back from the unstable production of the opera. The other roles, notably the Landry of Miss Elma Marini, Bruncahute by Miss Mortimer, Galsuinda by Miss Vinie G. Clancy, Sigebert by Mr. E. O. Jepson, and Childeric Merrill's rendering of the bass numbers of Divitiacus receiving a competent support, the latter their hands, making the cast quite acceptable with one or two exceptions. Mr. Geo. Atkins as Senna, the court physician, rather overdid the low-comedy part entrusted to him, and broad liberties were taken with the text in the gags with which he was filled savoring of anything than but proper wit, the part, which allows considerable latitude, needing a perceptible toning down to make it presentable to an intelligent auditor. The chorus was well under control, and did capitally, and to the production of the opera, as a whole, considerable credit is due. The first performances of a troupe so recently organized, it was well given. Successive repetitions and a strengthening of the cast—which occurs this week, Miss Clara Fisher reappearing and assuming the principal role—will, no doubt, make the new bill as much a favorite as the former one has been.

LITTLE FAY TEMPLETON volunteers her services for James Vincent's benefit at the Olympic Theatre this evening, July 26, and will sing several of her most popular character songs.

THE KIRALFY BROTHERS, in a card in another part of this paper, notify managers that they have secured from Camille Weinschenck, the manager of the Porte St. Martin Th'atre, Paris, France, the original spectacular drama of "Around the World," dramatized by M. A. D Ennery, the author of "The Two Orphans," from the novel entitled "La Tour du Monde." It will be produced for the first time in this country at the Academy of Music, New York, Aug. 23, and thereafter in all the chief cities in the Union. All the magnificent costumes, scenery, and the many novel mechanical effects, etc., used in the original production in Paris will be duplicated by the same artists who made them for the representation here. Two new premiere dancers and twenty-eight second dancers have been imported expressly for this purpose. As other dramatizations of the same novel are in the market, the Messrs. Kiralfy call the attention of managers of theatres to the superior advantages which will accrue to them by producing the original version. Other matters of interest to the general public, and important to all concerned in the production of this spectacle, may be learned by a perusal of the card referred to.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, closed its season on Saturday, July 17, "Poison," produced during the week, not being successful. The theatre is closed for two weeks, and during the interim will be painted, new scenery added, etc. Neil Warner will, it is said, henceforth be associated with the management. The season is announced to commence August 10.

J. H. MULLIGAN publishes a card to managers, warning them against producing the play of "Innocents Abroad" without his consent, he having copyrighted the same.

THE GRISWOLD OPERA-HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., is now being thoroughly overhauled and cleansed. The regular season begins Sept. 15. Mr. John W. Albaugh will be the sole manager. A number of first-class stars are already booked.

IN BOSTON, G. L. Fox has had the field entirely to himself during the past week, and bids fair to continue the same happy condition of affairs for some time to come, as the Museum is the only house open, and there are no announcements, nor even rumors of the reopening of any of the other theatres in the city. "Humpty Dumpty" still draws, and is as pleasant a Summer's entertainment as could be wished. The new features of the week just passed were the first appearance of the Girard Family, and of Charles Henry Dunbar, an English vocalist. It is some years now since the Girards made their appearance in Boston, and during their absence in San Francisco and California have made wonderful progress in their peculiar entertainment. Their agility is something marvelous, and the ease and grace with which they execute all their motions is a sight worth seeing. Mr. Dunbar is a vocalist of considerable talent, and he has succeeded quite well in the portion of the evening's entertainment allotted to him. He is assisted by himself.....W. J. Mullaly is to leave the Globe Theatre orchestra next season.

BELVIL RYAN is the attraction at De Bar's Opera-house, Montreal, this week.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL, who is in a card to the profession that he is prepared to negotiate for the production of a number of his plays, including "The Virginian," "Bulls and Bears," "Peril," "Risks," "Hearts," etc. He can be addressed through his agents, Simmonds & Wall.

EDWIN A. FRENCH, of Canton, O., an amateur of considerable reputation, and a former student under James E. Murdoch, has been engaged by Manager John E. Ellsler of Cleveland as a member of his company for the coming season, to open about Sept. 6. Lee has been a prominent and successful politician in Ohio for a number of years, but has always manifested a passion for the stage.

MLLE. EUGENIE LUPO, premiere danseuse, can be engaged for the coming season by addressing as per card.

"THE SLAVE'S SUPPER," a three-act drama, is advertised for sale.

M. C. LINGHAM is engaged for the coming season at Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, L. I., as leading man.

THEODORE MOSS and Lester Wallack have leased the Brooklyn Theatre for five years, at a rental of $18,000 per year.

MLLE. ANNETTA GALLETTI, premiere danseuse, is open for an engagement, and can be addressed as per card.

HARRY BLAKE, leading or heavies, publishes his address in a card in another column.

YANKEE LOCKE has added to his repertoire of plays for the coming season an American comedy entitled "Uncle Hep," and a historical drama, "1776," both from the pen of Mr. Spencer Pritchard. He announces in a card elsewhere that they have been fully secured by copyright, and that managers desiring to negotiate can address him through his agents, Simmonds & Wall.

BESSIE DARLING is rusticating at Newport, R. I.

W. G. SHINE is engaged for the first walking gentlemen at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., for the coming season.

T. MARTIN has been engaged to play the leading business at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., for the next season.

CALL.—The ladies and gentlemen engaged for the season at the New Chicago Theatre, Ill., are requested, in Manager Hall's card, to report on Aug. 10. The house opens about Aug. 16.

W. H. E., who advertises that he has an extensive experience and is an actor and a singer, desires to secure an engagement as stage-manager.

THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN engaged for the Southern Dramatic Company are referred to Manager C. Stuart Beverly's card, requesting them to assemble Aug. 2, preparatory to the opening of the season, Aug. 5.

MISS MAGGIE MOORE and J. C. Williamson's address can be found in their card in another column.

GERRY'S GLOBE THEATRE, Rouse's Point, N. Y., opens for the season Aug. 7. A number of performers are advertised for by D. S. Gerry.

STARS AND DRAMATIC ARTISTS and several utility ladies can find engagements at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada. See card.

MISS JOHANNA PRITCHARD, first eccentric and heavy, is prepared to negotiate for an engagement. See card.

MR. ROGERS' COMPANY, supporting Milton Nobles during the coming season, will include the Misses Fanny Burt, Mary Stevens, Annie Hughes, Messrs. W. H. Langdon, Andy Hughes, Alonzo Schwartz, Wm. Nelson, John E. Warner is to act as business-manager.

NETTIE ALLEN, a young actress of much promise, died of yellow fever at Key West, Fla., July 14. She had been a member of John Templeton's dramatic company, and being in ill health remained there, thinking that the climate would benefit her, and fell a victim to a more insidious disease.

THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN engaged by Miss Conway for the Brooklyn Theatre for the coming season are requested to report immediately to Col. T. Allston Brown.

A TALENTED AND AMBITIOUS YOUNG ACTOR is wanted for the Susan Denin Combination. See Managers Morris & Whitely's card.

THE WALNUT-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, is undergoing a thorough renovation of the interior and exterior, preparatory to the opening of the dramatic campaign of 1875-76, under the management of Mr. George K. Goodwin, late of the Chestnut-street Theatre in that city. The season opens Aug. 16 with G. L. Fox in "Humpty Dumpty." The Furbish Company, in "The Two Orphans," will commence a two weeks' engagement here on the 30th of August, followed by Barry Sullivan, John T. Raymond. The next feature of the season will be the production of "Henry V," on a scale of great magnificence. To this succeeds Charles Fechter with his version of "Monte Cristo;" and he will be followed by Edwin Booth, Charlotte Thompson, Frank Mayo, Lotta, and the production of "Round the World in Eighty Days," under the superintendence of the Kiralfy Brothers, who will present this popular spectacular play with splendid scenery and gorgeous and wonderful mechanical effects.

THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, will be reopened in the latter part of August with Mr. Daly's Sixth-avenue Company, in "The Big Bonanza." In September the new play entitled "Dark Train, or Innocents Abroad," will be produced, with J. W. Blaisdell in the principal character. An excellent stock company will be engaged, and a succession of attractive stars secured, so that the coming season, under the energetic business management of C. R. Gardiner, promises to be decidedly successful.

IMOGENE will commence an engagement at Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, on the 9th of August, producing her new plays of "Broken Chains" and "Sunlight." The stock company next season will be entirely new, with the exception, Wm. Davidge Jr.'s popularity as a comedian being proved by his retention for the third successive season.

AN EXCELLENT PROGRAMME was presented the patrons of Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, during the week ending July 24, the novel features thereof being the decidedly clever songs-and-dances of a quartet consisting of William Smith, Dan Waldron, William Lester and Paul Allen, and the excellent comic vocalism of Edward Hillier. The gymnastic feats of Shed Le Clair, and the Dutch eccentricities of Charles J. Ellis, also received a liberal share of applause. T. B. Johnson and Thomas Coyle were the recipients of a benefit at this establishment on the evening of the 23d inst., after their great swimming match. Miss Laura Fay appears here July 26 as Nan the Good-for-nothing; J. B. Johnson also appearing in his aquatic specialties on the 27th.

FRANK I. FRAYNE, in his new drama of "St Slocum," attracted excellent audiences at Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, last week, his engagement terminating July 24. At the matinees, the amusing farce of "Ho'e's a Lunatic" and the drama of "The Boy Gambler' were presented, Edward Arnott giving a very clever bit of acting as March Hare in the farce; and Miss Lizzie Harold's Tilly Tarbox, in the concluding drama, divided with the star the honors of the piece. Hernandez Foster commences an engagement here on the 26th inst. in his new drama of "Robinson Crusoe," in which he will sustain the part of Friday. Brougham's burlesque of "Pocahontas" will be produced at the matinees, with Miss Lizzie Harold in the title-role. "Round the World in Eighty Days" is underlined for early representation

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS start out on their fourth annual tour about Sept. 1, and General-agent F. F. Coburn elsewhere advertises for a flute and piccolo player. The company already engaged includes Green and Sadler, Oscar Willis, Charley Armstrong, Billy McAllister, Mike Foley, George Robinson and Hi Henry.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS gave two entertainments at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, Friday and Saturday evenings. They were greeted with fair-sized houses.

L. MURPHY won the pin at the final dance for amateurs at the Terrace Theatre, Buffalo.

THE MARINE MINSTRELS did not open in Louisville, Ky., on July 15, as was intended, on account of high water and drift, which delayed them ten days. The company is composed of Billy Adams, Nolan and Quinlan, Otto Pfaffin, Frank Baker, Henry Brainsbrook, James Hanlin, T. Johnson and Chas. Echnog, with Sam T. Jack manager. They are billed for Brendenburg, Ky., July 26, 27, Leavenworth 31.

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS are to perform at Albany, N. Y., July 26, Rochester 28, 29.

EMERSON'S MINSTELS occupied the Providence, R. I., Opera-house the past week. The performances were good, and houses ditto.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS appeared at the Opera-house, Detroit, Mich., July 21 to a good house, followed on the next evening by Duprez & Benedict's.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS are billed for Muscatine, Ia., July 26, Iowa City 27, 28, West Liberty 29, Cedar Rapids 30, and Marion 31.

GEORGE W. CHARLES is passing the Summer on his farm in Lowell, Mass., and will rejoin Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels in August.

GROVELAND'S MINSTRELS, brass band and opera-orchestra commence their season Aug. 23. Performers, musicians and agents are wanted as per card.

CIRCUSES.

A PLEASANT AND AN UNPLEASANT INCIDENT in connection with Howes' London Circus, together with the route ahead, are given as follows by a correspondent with that show: "Miss Jeannette Watson, the principal pad-rider, was the recipient of a handsome silver-jewel casket, and also a silver-card basket of elaborate dimensions and exquisite workmanship, presented to her by the ladies connected with the concert and big show on July 17, at Owatona, Minn., as a token of their appreciation of the little lady as an artist, and the lady-like and courteous manner with which she has treated all connected with the show. On the same day, about the time the ticket-wagon was open, several disreputable characters, formerly traveling in the wake of another show, were noticed by Eugene Bassler, the C. S. detective connected with Howes' Circus, to be in very dangerous proximity to several people's pockets. The alleged thieves were warned by Bassler, and they went away, but a short time afterwards returned, and being seen by some of the attaches of the show in the act of picking pockets, they notified Bassler, who proceeded to arrest one of the party, known as a very dangerous man and noted for his shooting propensities. Immediately on Bassler putting his hand on his shoulder, and saying 'You are my prisoner,' the man fired three shots, one of them taking effect in the abdomen and thigh of Bassler, inflicting a severe though not dangerous wound. Upon hearing the shots and learning that Bassler was wounded, two of the alleged thieves took to their heels and fled in the woods adjacent to the lot, whither they were pursued by the canvasmen and some of the populace, from whom the one that did the shooting received some rough kicks and blows, fracturing his jaw and skull. Many were for lynching him on the spot, but were prevented by the authorities. He, however, lies in a very precarious condition, and is not expected to recover. Bassler remains at Owatona until convalescent. There have been many narrow escapes of the trains whilst traveling by night, the couplings of the engines and cars on several occasions having broken, and left parts of the train on the tracks in a very exposed condition. Business is excellent, and the boys are sailing their stanpe regularly for the cold Winter months. The season is expected to run until November—perhaps later. The route ahead is Grand Rapids, Wis., Aug. 5, New London 6, Green Bay 7, Appleton 9, Fond du Lac 10, Jefferson 11, Janesville 12, Monroe 13, White Water 14, Waukesha 16, Columbus 17, Portage 18, Berlin 19, Horicon 20, Milwaukee 21."

AN ERRONEOUS STATEMENT concerning elephants in this country having recently been made by a contemporary, E. W. J. writes to THE CLIPPER as follows: "Hannibal died of lung fever in the Summer of 1865, near Centreville, Maryland, or in the western part of Pennsylvania. Pizarro and Virginius, who were drowned in April, 1847, in a vain attempt to swim the Delaware, were a splendid pair of elephants. Their carcases were purchased by Mr. C. Spooner for the Boston Museum, but I am unable to say whether they were prepared or not. Perhaps someone can enlighten us. Columbus, a very large and vicious animal, fell through a bridge in North Adams, Mass., in October, 1851, receiving injuries that caused his death. He was successfully handled by W. Williams, who was afterwards killed by Romeo, in Philadelphia, in 1867. Romeo died in Chicago, Ill., in June, 1872, from the effects of a surgical operation on his feet, rendered necessary from injuries inflicted by the trainer Stuart Craven, when subduing him in the Spring of 1868. If someone who is posted would prepare a list of the elephants that have been imported into this country, giving their names, weight, height, and what became of them, we think that it would be interesting to all."

MRS. CHARLES KING, professionally known as Miss Bertie King, premiere equestrienne, met with a severe accident while performing with Warren, Henderson & Springer's Cirqzoolodon at Tolona, Ill., July 16. During her principal act, while "sinking" to jump a balloon, her horse slipped, throwing her towards the centre of the ring, and causing her, after going through the balloon, to miss the horse's back and fall to the ground, injuring her spine to such an extent that her physician has advised her to discontinue riding during the remainder of the present season. She, however, continued to ride until July 20, in order to give the managers time to fill her place, when she left for her home in Philadelphia.

BARNUM'S ROMAN HIPPODROME is to show in Springfield, Ill., July 27, Decatur 28, Bloomington 29, Peoria July 30, Galesburg 31, Quincy Aug. 2, Keokuk, Ia., 3, Burlington 4, Ottumwa 5, Oskaloosa 6, Des Moines 7, Iowa City 9, Davenport 10, Rock Island, Ill., 11, Freeport 12, Dubuque, Ia., 13, Waterloo 14, Owatonna, Minn., 16, Minneapolis 17, St. Paul 18, Red Wing 19, Winona 20, La Crosse, Wis., 21, Madison 23, Janesville 24, Fond du Lac 25, Oshkosh 26, Milwaukee 27, 28.

OUR ST. PAUL, MINN., correspondent stated in our past issue that D. C. Price has brought a suit against W. W. Cole, as well as Howe's London Circus, for an infringement of his reserved-seat patent. Our correspondent now writes that Mr. Price has since informed him that Mr. Cole pays the required royalty regularly, and that his suit is against the manager of Howe's London Circus only.

CAMERON'S ORIENTAL CIRCUS has been seized in Halifax, N. S., by creditors from St. John, N. B. The stock, fixtures, cages, etc., have been advertised for sale three different times; but the sale has been stopped or postponed, in consequence of persons in charge of the show stating that they had funds coming to them from New York.

"OLD" JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS is to show in Massilon, O., Aug. 11, Canton 12, Alliance 13.

A SECOND-HAND SIDESHOW CANVAS is advertised for by C. G. Copeland.

MYERS & MCINTIRE, the proprietors of the sideshow with the Oriental Circus, which is in the hands of the Sheriff in Halifax, N. S., have gone to Prince Edward's Island, to show there, and then they will exhibit in some of the towns in the northern part of New Brunswick.

THE CIRCUS BOYS AS FIREMEN.—A correspondent traveling with Forepaugh's Circus and Menagerie writes from Port Hope, Ont., under date of July 21, as follows: "Business with this show has improved steadily, owing to the fact that it is becoming known. Its reputation, traveling ahead of us, makes the attendance grow larger daily. This is the first season of this company in Canada, and they are comparatively unknown; but when they come again they anticipate doing an immense business. At Millbrook, this morning at one o'clock, a fire broke out in a drygoods store immediately opposite the Queen's Hotel, where a portion of the company and attaches were quartered, and in three hours the entire business portion of the village, as well as many private residences, was destroyed, and what at sunset yesterday was a beautiful town, this morning at sunrise is but a mass of smouldering ruins. The circus company worked bravely all night, fighting the flames and saving lives and property, and, though over ninety buildings were destroyed and much valuable property handled, yet the citizens say, to the honor of our workingmen, that not a single article of property was appropriated during the night. The Queen's Hotel, an elegant brick structure, was entirely surrounded by fire at one time, yet it passed through the ordeal with scarcely any damage. Amid the horrors of the night there were many funny incidents, one especially being quite romantic. It was Billy Franklin leaving the Queen's Hotel with his pantaloons in one hand and Frank Ashton's boots in the other hand. David Hawley was coolly dressed for a Summer-night's ramble, in a felt hat only. Our carriages were used during the night by the citizens to carry away stuff that had been rescued from the flames; and when we got into them this morning, it was curious to see the articles that the boys threw out upon the sidewalk. In their haste the people had forgotten to remove everything, and so we did it for them. Chests of tea, rolls of carpet, parcels of lard and butter, kegs of nails, coffee-pots, packages of drygoods, and a great array of articles were thus left behind. The loss is estimated at $300,000; and it is feared that two, perhaps three, lives have been sacrificed." How ungrateful some people are. "W. A. D." of Cobourg, Ont., under date of July 22, sends the following: "Forepaugh's Circus showed in Millbrook July 20, and during the night half of the town was burned down. The show was followed and all the wagons were searched, but nothing was found to implicate any of the attaches with setting the town on fire, although they were strongly suspected."

MELVILLE, MAGINLEY & COOKE'S CENTENNIAL CIRCUS pitched its tent on the old circus lot, corner of Hudson and Swan streets, Albany, N. Y., July 19, for a three days' stay. Business averaged fair, though, if the show was properly appreciated, there should have been a full canvas at each performance. Ben Maginley, while here, was presented with an elegant Malacca cane by the members of his company. James Cooke made the presentation speech, which was a happy effort in the way, while the acknowledgment of Mr. Maginley was delivered in that genial, hearty manner, so well known to all. The company filled out the week in West Troy and Cohoes. Advices of July 25.

TED ALMONTE, clown, advertises for an engagement during the remainder of the tenting season.

BARNUM'S HIPPODROME has been visited by almost everybody in St. Louis during the week commencing July 19. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the usual first-day street-parade was dispensed with. A large balloon was sent off each afternoon at four o'clock. Mr. Barnum has decided to remain in St. Louis another week, moving his establishment from its present rather out-of-the-way-place to a large lot in the centre of the city.

D. S. THOMAS, the press-agent of Barnum's Hippodrome, made a balloon ascension at St. Louis, Mo., on July 20. He landed safe in a mud-hole about thirty-four miles from St. Louis.

MELVILLE, MAGINLEY & COOKE'S CIRCUS continues to attract large audiences in its line of route. *The* (Albany, N. Y.) *Argus* of July 22, in a glowing account of the performances, says:

"Without any attempt at gorgeous display, the institution bearing the title of the Centennial Circus entered our city yesterday. The bills announced modestly the merits of the concern, and people thought it would be "no great shakes." The first performance was given yesterday afternoon, before a fair attendance. The entree, representing a meeting in Central Park, differed materially from the entree of any other circus we have ever seen. The ladies were attired in black-velvet riding-habits, and the gentlemen in blue broadcloth coats, white breeches, top boots and dress hats. The dresses and horse accoutrements were bright and clean, and there were no tinsel and spangles. Act followed act in quick succession, and there was no tardiness nor lagging. Frank Melville, one of the best pad-riders in the country, next appeared in a daring act of horsemanship. We will not attempt to mention all the acts performed, for they were all first-class. James Rowland, the acknowledged "king of the air," appeared in his trapeze act, which is simply wonderful. As a fitting finale of the act, he throws a double somersault from the trapeze to a mattress in the ring, a distance of about thirty feet. George Donald the bareback rider is also a wonder. Not satisfied with performing the ordinary feats, he makes what is termed a pirouette and a halt while the horse is moving at a rapid gait, and, as if that were not enough, throws a forward somersault, a very difficult feat to do on the ground, let alone on horseback. He is the only individual in the world who does this act. Of James Melville, the great bareback rider, we have little to say, as frequent allusions have been made to him in these columns. Suffice it to say that he has lost none of his grace and daring. Frank Robinson the contortionist put himself in every conceivable shape, and is among the first in his line. Mr. James Cooke thoroughly understands his business, and is an excellent jester. John Trewolla the clown is one of the funniest of his class, and creates much merriment. Ben Maginley is one of the happiest of mortals, and devotes himself to the financial department. Pat Ryan says that "Ben" will appear in the ring this evening as clown. Everybody knows he is a good one. The entertainment closes with the equestrian drama of "Putnam, the Iron Son of '76." We heartily recommend the entertainment as a thoroughly good one, and one of the best ever seen in this vicinity. Fully 2,500 people witnessed the performance last evening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JUD. BARBER advertises for a Punch-and-Judy worker, and that he would like to hear from Prof. Pethie.

PETROLIA OPERA-HOUSE, Petrolia, Pa., can be found fully described in a card in our business department, in which Manager Fletcher sets forth the particular advantages offered by his establishment to companies visiting the oil regions.

JAMES M. LEWIS can be engaged to give balloon ascensions, and advertises that he would travel with a good company.

A QUANTITY OF SCENERY suitable for a small hall or traveling company is offered for sale by F. L. Lowell & Co., who advertise.

THE FOURTH-AVENUE THEATRE, Pittsburg, Pa., is to be sold at public auction Aug. 18, if not previously disposed of at private sale. Particulars can be found in James Hay's card.

KING'S OPERA-HOUSE, Jackson, Tenn., can be rented for the coming season by addressing D. H. King as per card, in which he states that the house, which has a seating capacity of 1,000, has been furnished with everything, including Nolan's folding-chairs.

A PANORAMA, consisting of sixty-four views, painted by Matt Morgan and others, is offered for sale by W. L. Dixon, who advertises.

PROF. E. C. Taylor, magician, closed a season of five nights at North Bennington, Vt., July 22, and began four nights' performances at Bennington 24.

ALL PARTIES having business with the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the coming season can communicate with the lessees, Gemmill, Scott & Co., as per card.

HARRY GILBERT advertises that he can give ascensions, in either gas or hot-air balloons.

A VARIETY OF ILLUSIONS, etc., can be found at W. J. Judd's address, advertised elsewhere.

J. BRUCE, show-painter, is ready to furnish show-paintings of all kinds at his studio, his facilities for executing work of this description being mentioned in his card in this issue.

HARRY WESTON can be engaged as business manager and agent by addressing as per advertisement.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Baltimore, Md., can be secured for dates now open by applying to Manager Ferguson, who in his card in this issue gives a description of the house.

DR. S. M. LANDIS & Co.'s dramatic agency and lecture bureau can be found advertised in our business department.

A LADY'S spangled armor, jewelry, dresses, etc., are offered for sale by "Actress," who advertises.

AN OBSERVATORY 170 feet high is being erected in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. It will be built of wrought iron, and be finished about the first of September. The site of its erection, Belmont, is 310 feet above the Schuylkill, or about 100 feet above the highest point of the Centennial Buildings, which it overlooks.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is a source of great attraction, and is visited by large numbers daily. Four very fine specimens of the sea lion, procured from the Pacific Ocean, have recently been placed on exhibition.

SHIMER'S OPERA-HOUSE, Auburn, N. Y., can be rented at the rate advertised. It has a seating capacity of 1,800.

TUCKER BROS., show-painters, notify showmen that they are ready to fulfill all orders for show-painting at their establishment, advertised in another column.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Harrisburg, Pa., can be rented by the night or week at the rates published in Harry J. Steel's card.

SMITH'S OPERA-HOUSE, E. Saginaw, Mich., opens for the season Aug. 19. Performers wishing dates can address Wm. B. Smith, as per card.

A CALCIUM-LIGHT, with all the necessary appliances complete, is advertised for sale by Theo. J. Harbach.

PEDANTO, aeronaut and gymnast, can be secured for open dates. He advertises a balloon for sale.

A GENTLEMAN with $3,000 desires to invest in the show business. See A. V. Wilson's card.

A YOUNG MAN wants an engagement as an assistant to a magician. See H. Haven's advertisement.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Columbus, O., which is advertised by the proprietor, Theo. Comstock, as being furnished with first-class appointments, heated by steam, and lighted by electricity, is open for rental, or can be secured on sharing terms.

THEATRICAL WIGS can be obtained of N. Helmer, who advertises.

W. O. Carne offers a number of animals, including three lions, two leopards, and one ibex, for sale. See card.

MCGILL & STRONG'S MIRROR OF IRELAND was exhibited at Amherst, N. B., July 22, 23, Truro, N. S., 24, 26. Route: Pictou 27, 28, Charlottetown, P. E. Island, 29, 30, Summerside Aug. 2, 3.

"LAMP," a correspondent of *The Evening Transcript* of Boston, Mass., is to lecture before Lyceums the coming season upon "The Amusement Question." The lecturer will be attired in stage-costume, and will give imitations, etc.

LEAVITT'S BELLRINGERS are billed for an entertainment at Wadsworth, O., July 26.

P. W. GOATCHER, scenic artist, is open for an engagement. See advertisement.

WHITE'S OPERA-HOUSE, Concord, N. H., is open for rental. The establishment is a new structure with a seating capacity of 1,200, furnished with Nolan's chairs, complete stage, scenery, etc., and has been handsomely decorated and furnished. Dates can be secured through the proprietor, John A. White, who advertises.

JUGGLING APPARATUS, ILLUSIONS, etc., can be obtained at Thos. W. Yost's establishment, advertised elsewhere.

DAVIS & Co., theatrical agents, advertise for a young man, a first-class amateur, for the season of 1875-6, also for variety talent, and that Robinson Opera-house can be rented by applying to their agency.

A 150-FT. ROUND-TOP CANVAS in complete running order is advertised for sale by W. H. Hopper.

P. W. SHRADER, advance agent, is at liberty to negotiate for an engagement. See advertisement.

HANSLEY, magician and ventriloquist, recently gave exhibitions at Sebewaing, Unionsville and Caro, Mich. From there he goes to Tawas, Au Sable and Alpena; no dates given.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

OUR LONDON, Eng., advices, dated July 11, contain little news: J. K. Emmet acted at the Surrey Theatre to large audiences during the week ending July 10. .....Charles Wyndham closed his engagement at the Haymarket Theatre July 10, when he received a benefit and acted in "Brighton" and "The First Night," playing Achille Talma Dufard in the latter. .....The Court Theatre is to close at the end of the present month.....The Charing Cross closed for the season July 9, the company going to the Standard Theatre.....Howard Paul was to appear at the Haymarket July 12 in his own musical sketch of "Locked Out."

MRS. ROUSBY is at the seaside in England, severely indisposed.

WE HAVE TO RECORD the death of Mrs. Addie of the Adelphi Theatre, which took place July 4 at her residence, 1 Claremont place, Euston Road, London, Eng. Mrs. Harriet Frances Haddy, better known as Mrs. Addie, was in her fifty-ninth year. Her first appearance in London was at the Olympic Theatre, in 1841, when, as Miss Fanny Hamilton, she sustained, under the management of Mr. George Wild, the singing chambermaids in a number of popular dramas with great success. Her recent engagements have been with Mr. Chatterton at the Princess and Adelphi Theatres, her best character being Mrs. Nickelby in "Nicholas Nickelby," which she acted some few days ago. The funeral took place on July 9 at Norwood Cemetery.

DEATH OF AN EDINBURGH FAVORITE.—Play-goers will regret to hear of the death, at the early age of thirty-two, of Mrs. Thomas Sennett, better known as Miss Blanche Forde. She possessed considerable talent as an actress, and commanded the respect of all with whom she was associated. Some time ago she gave up the regular stage employment, and for the last two years occasionally assisted at amateur performances. She made her début in London in 1860, and her last public appearance was at the Operetta House, Edinburgh, about three months ago, in connection with one of the dramatic clubs, on which occasion she sustained the leading parts in "East Lynne" and "Society."

DIED, on July 8, at Paisley, after severe suffering, Mr. G. H. George, for many years manager of the Albion Theatre, Poplar.

M. BERTHELIER, the comic actor at the Varieties, Paris, France, has set a good example to his brethren in the profession. His benefit had been announced at the theatre, but, on hearing the news of the disaster at Toulouse, he generously announced that the entire proceeds of the performance would be handed over to the sufferers by the calamity.

PAULINE MARKHAM is organizing a comedy and burlesque company to start on a tour of the provinces Aug. 2.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT'S letter is dated London, July 13, from which we excerpt the following fresh items:

The benefit fete for the Royal Dramatic College, given in the Alexandra Palace, July 3, proved a decided success. Small theatres were improvised in the large Organ Hall, in which some of the brightest dramatic talent in London run off brisk scenes (at twenty-five cents a head) at the rate of four an hour. The large theatre was filled, as were also the concert-room and the circus. Among the best things at the latter place I must mention the riding on four ponies by Master Alfred Cooke, dashing act of riding by John Henry Cooke, acrobatic performances by Prof. Cogorard and sons, and the striking illustration of "Mind over Matter," in exhibiting the trained ponies, by Wm. Powell. Orders of command were so quietly conveyed as to defy detection, and the ponies seemed to obey the unexpressed wishes of their master by instinct..... The musical prize struggle at the Crystal Palace during the past week has drawn out some of the finest vocal talent in England. Prizes from $100 to $500 were offered for the best singers, with quality, quantity, style, expression and everything minutely described. After three days' severe test, a decision was made by the judges, and on Saturday, the 10th, the affair was closed with a concert by the prize winners; Jenny Lind Goldschmidt was advertised to deliver the prizes in person at the close of the concert. Of course there was an immense crowd, officially announced as 6,200. During the concert, I had the honor of a seat in the famous Nightingale's company, directly in front of the stage. She dresses her hair in precisely the same style as when in America twenty-five years ago. It is but slightly tinged with frost, and is nearly as full and flowing as of yore. Age has more particularly left its imprint in the shape of "crows-feet" on her chin and neck, and at the corners of her eyes and mouth. She has the same blended expression of firmness and sweetness of temper, the same shining smile and the same simplicity of behavior. She was dressed in a dark ash-colored silk, with a rich India shawl thrown loosely over her shoulders. On her head was a small straw hat bearing a short white plume. She was accompanied to the Palace by her husband and two lovely daughters, aged about 18 and 20, looking very much as their gifted mother did at their age. Mr. Goldschmidt shows the effect of age and study in a marked degree, his head being as bald and shining as a white bean. At the close of the concert Mrs. Goldschmidt was escorted upon a small decorated stand in front of the stage, and there each winner—as his or her name was read aloud by the secretary—walked up and received from the divine Jenny's hand the hard-won and coveted prize. Jenny expressed to each recipient a few well-chosen words of congratulation, and wished them health, happiness and prosperity. That the Goddess of Song still retains the Queen's diadem of the people's affection was made evident by the gushing enthusiasm with which the multitude received her. Shout after shout, round after round of vociferous applause and hearty cheering was continued for many minutes from persons belonging to every station in life. She seemed much affected by the affectionate welcome, as it probably reminded her of the palmiest days of her financial success. She informed me that she never intended to sing again in public, but that she remembered her American friends with so much pleasure and gratitude, that she hoped next year to pay them a visit at the Centennial.

Australian Theatrical News.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

MELBOURNE, June 1, 1875.

Our Winter has opened upon us rather severely, fogs and wet disagreeably alternating, and causing its effects to be felt at the treasury of each place of amusement. Since my last letter, E. D. Davies the ventriloquist has played a very successful engagement. He is far the best we have had here. He took a "ben." last week, but it would have been better for his reputation had he allowed an apology of "sudden indisposition" to have been made for him. Davies should not have "dined" so early. As it was, some of the crowded audience gave him the "goose." Mr. Coppin, too, has been playing lately to excellent business. He has now left the theatre boards for a time, to take his place in the Legislative Assembly, of which he is a member. Mrs. Eleanor Carey has been re-engaged by the Royal management for twelve months. She is without exception the best Naomi Tighe in "School" we have in the colony, and a great acquisition to the Royal company. Last Saturday night was *the* night of the season. It was the first production in this city of Dion Boucicault's play "The Shaughraun," and in it Charles Wheatleigh, after an absence of about fourteen years, renewed his acquaintance with the Melbourne public in the character of Conn, which he played in a truly artistic manner, and from beginning to end he had his excited audience thoroughly with him. It was as fine a piece of artistic acting as was ever seen in Melbourne. The scenery, by Mr. John Hennings (one of the leasees and scenic artist to the establishment), was magnificent. All were new scenes; and as one gave way to disclose one of, if possible, greater beauty, the applause became most vehement, and loud calls were heard for the modest scenic artist, to which, however, he did not respond. The company gave excellent support. The Harry Duff of Mr. Dampier was received with unequivocal signs of approbation. It was finely played, and well merited the applause which greeted it. The managers, Messrs. Harwood, Stewart, Hennings & Coppin, are to be complimented for the manner in which they presented the play. Money, time, and energy have been liberally lavished on its getting-up. American playrights may be certain that any successful play which they may intrust for production to these gentlemen will be properly presented to the Australian public. The play is bound to run for at least a month.....The opera-bouffe season at the Opera house comes to an end this week. Thanks to the untiring energy of W. S. Lyster, we have had all the principal opera-bouffes which have been successful in the old country presented in Melbourne. Since the pantomime we have had "Le Petit Faust," "Nemesis" (revived), "The Princess of Trebizonde" (revived), "La Perichole," "Les Cents Vierges," and now "Girofle-Girofla" is on to finish the season. Mr. Lyster is in treaty with many first-class artists, both in England and in America, for his campaign after the Risto season, which commences in August next; and as he is always liberal, and displays great judgment in his offers, a goodly troupe will no doubt attend the "call" at the proper time.....By the way, old John Smith is also on the lookout for variety talent. .....The United States Minstrels, at the Apollo Hall, with whom are Rockefeller, Tommy Hilton, Tommy Campbell, T. Buckley and Chas. Holly, are doing fine biz.....Charles Weightman the manfish is now in Tasmania with Val Vose and D. P. Lyons.....St. George's Hall has been occupied with Howarth's Panorama of Irish Scenery and Irish Life —a very good show—and has been well patronized. Mr. Rainer, promoter of Rainer's Serenaders in England years ago, is the lessee. It is the best hall in Melbourne for single-handed shows or minstrel or variety companies.....H. F. Stone and Amy Stone were a perfect "frost" at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. They are now doing the interior single-handed, with an entertainment called "Our Country Cousins."".....The Carandini Company have returned from their northeastern tour for a spell..... The Kennedy Family of Scotch reciters and singers have left Melbourne en route for America by the same steamship that will bring you this letter.....Lyster's Opera Troupe is to open the new Academy of Music at Ballarat next week.....Barlow the bluetailed fly is buzzing about Sandhurst with a small but clever company.....The Williamson-Sydney engagement will top the Melbourne one, both in length of time and in weight of dollars. When their engagement in Sydney is to cease no one knows. This, however, is well known—they have taken a new lease of popularity with the production of 'Little Nell and the Marchioness".....J. E. McDonough's Royal Marionettes are being shown to large audiences at the Sydney School of Arts.....The Lynch Family of Australian Bellringers and Mr. Tom Margetts (comic), will shortly leave Sydney for New York, via California.....Alex. O'Brien (Salamander Sam) is playing at Goulburn.....N. L. W. Risley's panorama "Mirror of the Thames" has been lately shown at White's rooms, in Adelaide, South Australia.....Charley Sutton (late of the Emerson Minstrels) is with a company in New South Wales—at the latest he was in Bathurst.....Madame Anna Bishop, Chas Lascelles and Beaumont Read the alto singer are giving concerts at the School of Arts, Brasbane.....At the Queensland Theatre, Madame Cora is giving Parisienain entertainments..... The obituary of the month includes the names of Mrs. Stewart O'Brien (wife of the very respected and popular actor at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne), who died after a long and painful illness. Mr. and Mrs. Ray, artists of repute in the old "diggers" " times, some twenty years ago, died lately in Adelaide. Mr. Ray died after a long illness, and his partner joined him in the other world a week after. Both were greatly esteemed and respected."

MUSICAL.

IT IS SAID that Mlle. Zare Thalberg's lowest terms for singing at private parties are a hundred guineas, at which terms she is engaged two or three nights a week.

A CHORUS-SINGER of the Paris Opera Comique has just died. She had been the heiress of a very great and noble family, and was a countess by marriage. She was separated from her husband, and had lived with a foreign nobleman, but he died. She then fell lower and lower, and at last was content to sing in the chorus for £3 a month. She hailed her death with joy. None of her fellow-choristers knew her history; she only told it to the authorities on her death-bed.

OFFENBACH has resigned the direction of the Paris Gaite to M. Albert Vizentini, the general manager, who will take office at once. "La Chatte Blanche" will be played until September 15, when Mlle. Aimee will appear in "Un Voyage dans la Lune," feerie by Leterrier Vanloo and Offenbach. "Don Quichotte," by Sardou and Offenbach, will follow.

THE SEASON at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, also at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, London, Eng., was to close July 17.

CARL ROSA'S season at the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng., is to last two months from Sept. 11. Arthur Howell to be stage-manager, and Mons. Espinosa, ballet-master.

VARIETY HALLS.

WILLIAM ASHCROFT, Kitty Brooke and Prof. Nelson and Sons, the latter making their first appearances in England, were performing at the Royal Cambridge Music Hall, London, Eng., at the date of our latest advices.

DIAMOND AND GAUB, "American (?) comedians," are performing at the Middlesex Music Hall, London, Eng.

CHEEVERS AND KENNEDY and the Weston Sisters are performing at the London (Eng.) Pavilion.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

CANFIELD AND BOOKER opened with Moore & Burgess' Minstrels, London, Eng., July 3, performing "Moonlight at Cape May" and "The African Picnic," and made a hit.

CIRCUSES.

THE NEW CIRCUS, "Fernand's," is open at Montmartre, France, much to the joy of the inhabitants. It holds 2,500 people. The circus was formerly of wood, but it did so well that a stone one was built, and this is it. The clown, Mediano, is the most in favor with the Montmartre public; the ladies especially adore him. *Gare a lui!* A *Miss* Visser is the prima donna; whilst English actresses call themselves *Mlle.*, French ones are beginning to call themselves *Miss*. (Exchange no robbery.)

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS EMILY FAITHFUL began a series of readings from American poets at Egyptian Hall, London, Eng., July 7. Miss Ella Dietz performed in "Lessons in Harmony," and Grace Greenwood recited in costume Will Carleton's ballad of "Over the Hill to the Poor House."

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Mr. John Hart,	Miss Alice Leicester,
Mr. Pat Rooney,	Miss Emmeline Young,
Mr. Wm. West,	Miss Kitty Parker,
Mr. John Queen,	Miss Addie Farwell.
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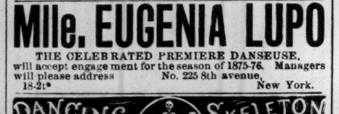

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